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only
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COMPLETE!

MARRIAGE of DEATH



DEATH -- the one grim, final reality that must come to us all! What **IS** death? A thing--or a **PERSON**? Read the gripping answer here -- in a tense and challenging story from out of the **UNKNOWN** itself!



I CAME OVER AS SOON AS I HEARD, DR. RYAN! HOW **IS** MY GRANDMOTHER?

JUST A SLIGHT HEART ATTACK, DAN -- BUT SHE BROUGHT IT ON HERSELF! WHY SHE INSISTS ON LEAVING THAT WHEEL CHAIR WITH SERVANTS TO DO HER BIDDING, I'LL **NEVER** KNOW!



GOSH SAKES, GRAM, YOU HAD ME **WORRIED!** WHY DO YOU INSIST ON DISREGARDING THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS? YOU DON'T **WANT** TO DIE, DO YOU?

GRACIOUS, **NO!** WHY, I WANT TO STAY ON THIS OLD EARTH AS LONG AS I CAN!



THEN WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THINGS EASY? DON'T YOU REALIZE YOU'RE **PRACTICALLY TEMPTING** DEATH?

MAYBE -- THAT'S WHY I DO IT! YOU SEE, DANNY, I--I'VE GOT A CERTAIN **INTEREST** IN **DEATH!** IN FACT--**HIS WIFE IS ONE OF MY OLDEST FRIENDS!**



WHAT! I--I'D BETTER GET THE DOCTOR AGAIN-- YOU'RE **DELIRIOUS!**

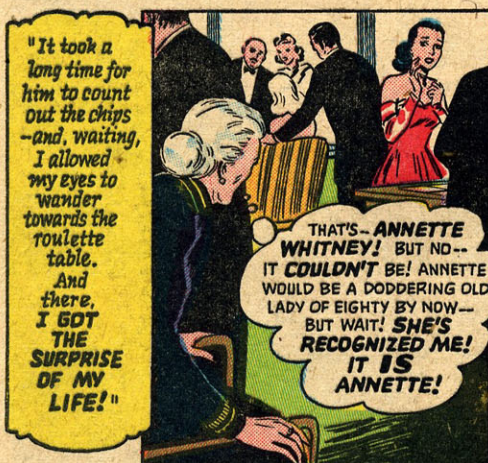
DON'T WORRY -- MY MIND'S SOUND ENOUGH! BUT PERHAPS I'D BETTER TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY, SO YOU CAN JUDGE FOR YOURSELF! IT ALL STARTED TEN YEARS AGO--ON MY LAST TRIP TO THE RIVIERA--

"An old lady needs **SOME** excitement -- so it was my usual custom to play Baccarat at the Casino for an hour or two before retiring..."



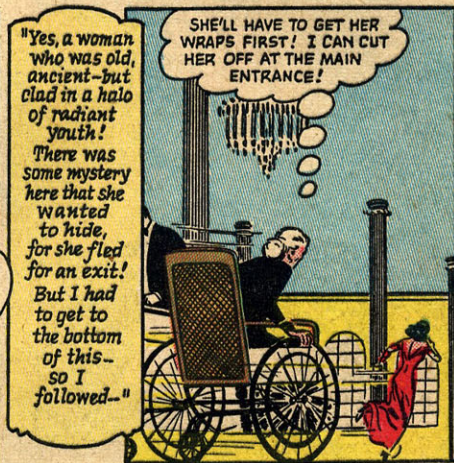
THIRTY THOUSAND FRANCS WORTH OF CHIPS, PLEASE!

OUI, MADAME!



"It took a long time for him to count out the chips -- and, waiting, I allowed my eyes to wander towards the roulette table. And there, I GOT THE SURPRISE OF MY LIFE!"

THAT'S-- ANNETTE WHITNEY! BUT NO-- IT COULDN'T BE! ANNETTE WOULD BE A DODDERING OLD LADY OF EIGHTY BY NOW-- BUT WAIT! SHE'S RECOGNIZED ME! IT IS ANNETTE!



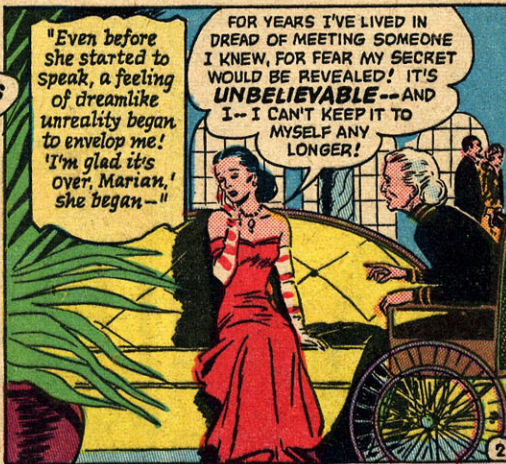
"Yes, a woman who was old, ancient--but clad in a halo of radiant youth! There was some mystery here that she wanted to hide, for she fled for an exit! But I had to get to the bottom of this-- so I followed--"

SHE'LL HAVE TO GET HER WRAPS FIRST! I CAN CUT HER OFF AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE!



"I wasn't a moment too soon! It took all my control to make my voice calm --"

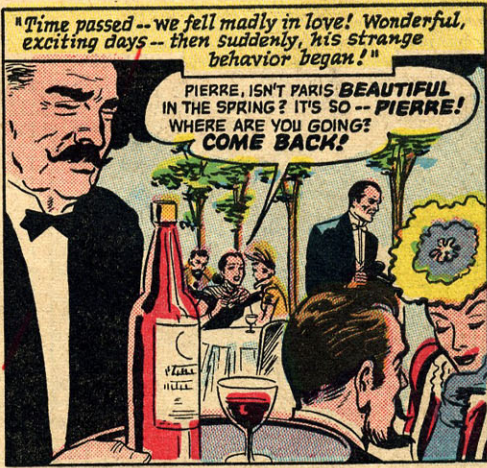
WHY, ANNETTE! YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, MADAME! I'M NOT-- OH, WHAT'S THE USE! YES, I'M ANNETTE -- AND IT'LL DO ME GOOD TO TELL SOMEONE MY STORY-- THE STRANGEST OF ALL TIME!



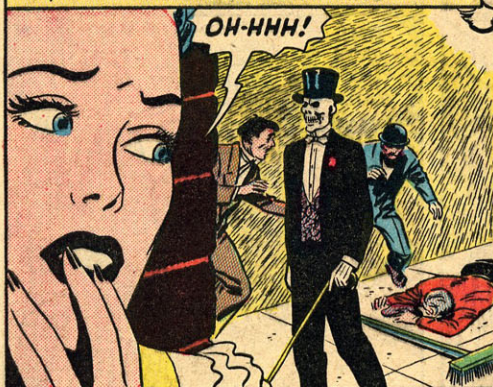
"Even before she started to speak, a feeling of dreamlike unreality began to envelop me! 'I'm glad it's over, Marian,' she began--"

FOR YEARS I'VE LIVED IN DREAD OF MEETING SOMEONE I KNEW, FOR FEAR MY SECRET WOULD BE REVEALED! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE--AND I-- I CAN'T KEEP IT TO MYSELF ANY LONGER!

"It began in Switzerland-- almost sixty years ago! My parents had sent me to a sanitarium there to regain my health--but it was useless! I still remember my feeling of despair when the doctor said --"



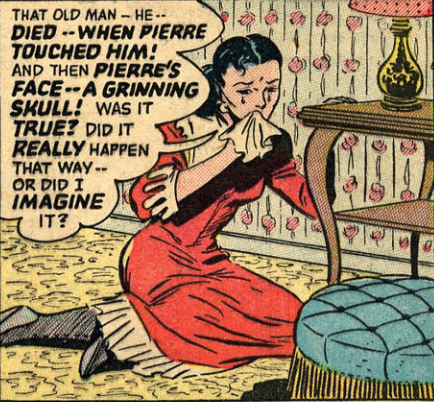
"The old man was -- **DEAD!** Pierre turned to leave, and I caught a glimpse of his face. Lord help me, it wasn't a face! **IT WAS ---**"



OH-HHH!

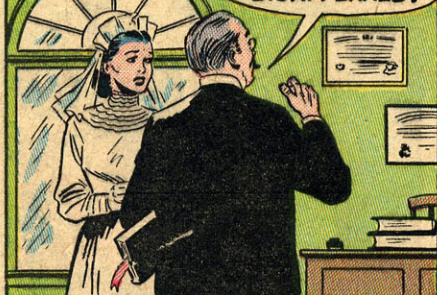
"Horror-stricken, I fled to my hotel! **COULD I BELIEVE WHAT I HAD SEEN?**"

THAT OLD MAN -- HE -- **DIED -- WHEN PIERRE TOUCHED HIM!** AND THEN **PIERRE'S FACE -- A GRINNING SKULL!** WAS IT TRUE? DID IT REALLY HAPPEN THAT WAY -- OR DID I **IMAGINE IT?**



"That was it -- **IMAGINATION** -- brought on, perhaps, by my illness! I never mentioned it to Pierre -- and it was shortly after that that we were married!"

CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU, MADAME, AND THE SAME TO **YOU**, MONSIEUR -- WHY, WHERE **IS HE? HE'S GONE -- DISAPPEARED!**



"He never came back! I waited -- and gradually, the feeling that I was involved in some monstrous, horrible situation settled over me!"

I NEVER REALIZED IT BEFORE -- BUT I KNOW PRACTICALLY **NOTHING** ABOUT HIM! WHERE DID HE COME FROM? HOW DOES HE EARN HIS LIVING? **WHO -- WHO HAVE I MARRIED?**

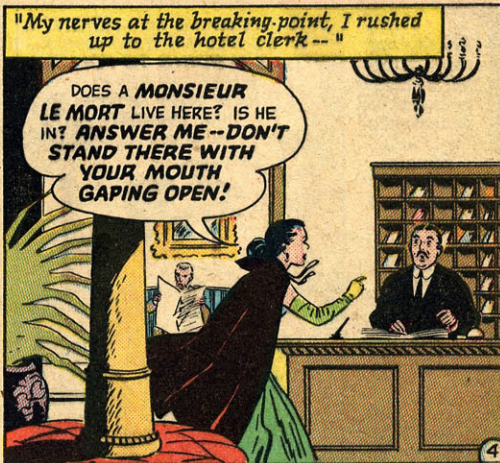


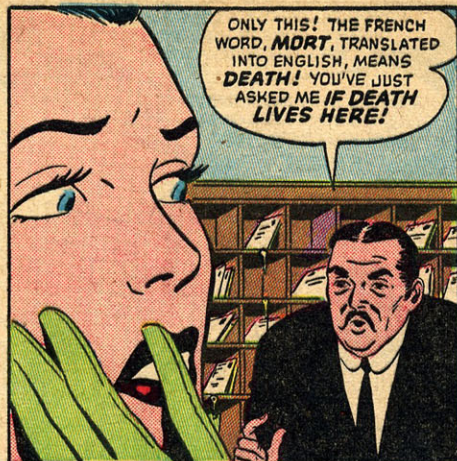
I ONCE ASKED HIM WHERE HE LIVED AND HE SAID -- HE SAID THE **VENDOME!** YES, THAT'S IT -- THE VENDOME HOTEL! I'LL GO **THERE!**



"My nerves at the breaking-point, I rushed up to the hotel clerk --"

DOES A **MONSIEUR LE MORT** LIVE HERE? IS HE IN? **ANSWER ME -- DON'T STAND THERE WITH YOUR MOUTH GAPING OPEN!**

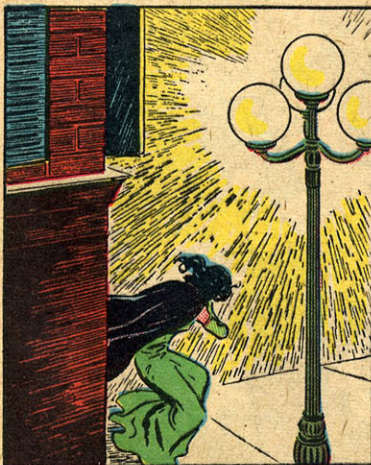




"The awful words struck at my heart with a shock that my weakened physique could not withstand! I reeled from the hotel..."

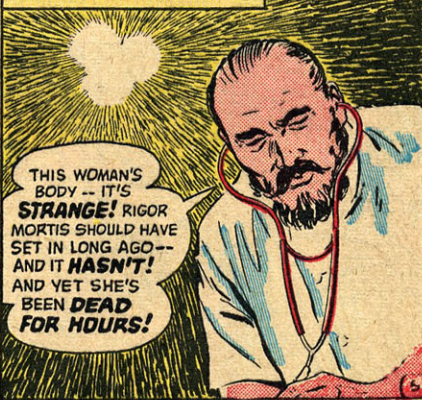


"Suddenly, the street spun dizzily, and wracking pain seared me! This was what my doctors had warned against! This was -- **THE END!**"



"I was going down, **DOWN** -- tumbling through the awful depths from which there was no return! My last thought was for my loved one, Pierre -- if only I could have seen him once more, while I still lived! Then -- **DARKNESS!**"

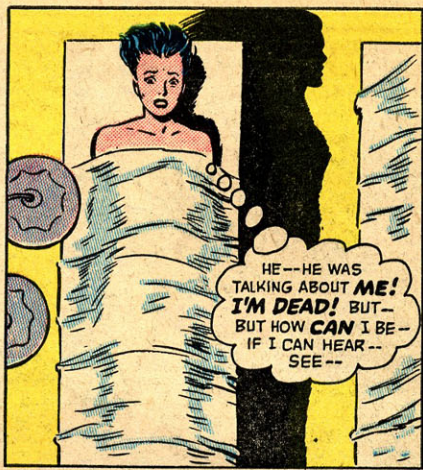
"Was this -- **DEATH**? Then why, long after, did I have the power of thought -- of **HEARING**? And the words I heard --"





NONSENSE, DOCTOR -- YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS! COME IN HERE AND HELP ME WITH THIS POST MORTEM!

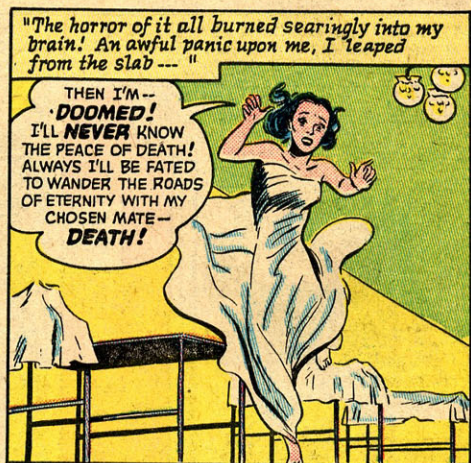
I **STILL** CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! SHE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT -- BUT WHERE'S THAT RIGOR?



HE -- HE WAS TALKING ABOUT **ME!** I'M DEAD! BUT -- BUT HOW CAN I BE -- IF I CAN HEAR -- SEE --

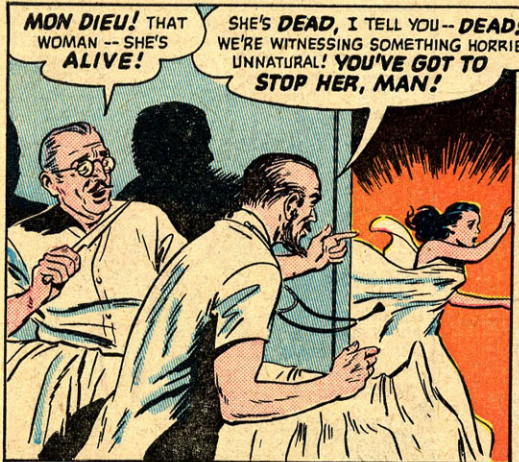


WAIT! NOW I KNOW! IT--IT'S THE ANSWER TO EVERYTHING! BY ALL PHYSICAL LAWS, I AM DEAD -- BUT THERE'S ONE MORE STEP BEFORE UTTER EXTINCTION! DEATH HIMSELF MUST TOUCH ME! AND THAT HE'LL NEVER DO-- BECAUSE I'M HIS WIFE!



"The horror of it all burned searingly into my brain! An awful panic upon me, I leaped from the slab -- "

THEN I'M -- **DOOMED!** I'LL NEVER KNOW THE PEACE OF DEATH! ALWAYS I'LL BE FATED TO WANDER THE ROADS OF ETERNITY WITH MY CHOSEN MATE -- **DEATH!**

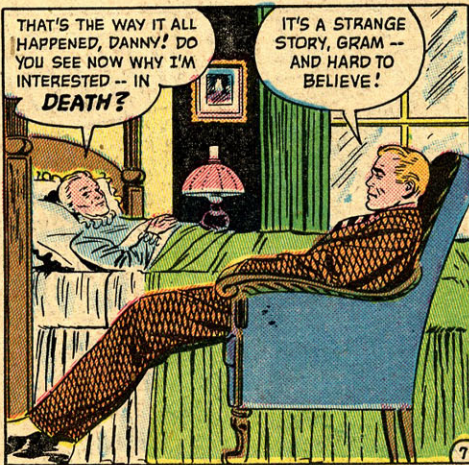
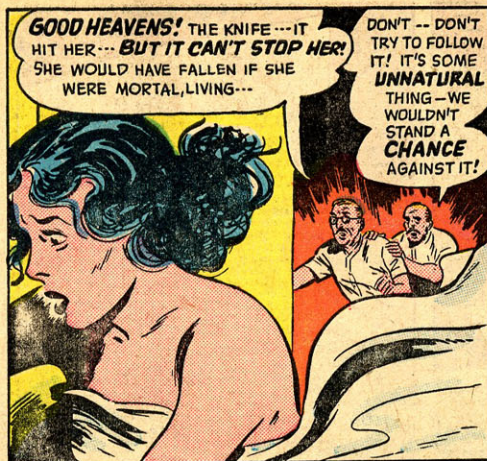


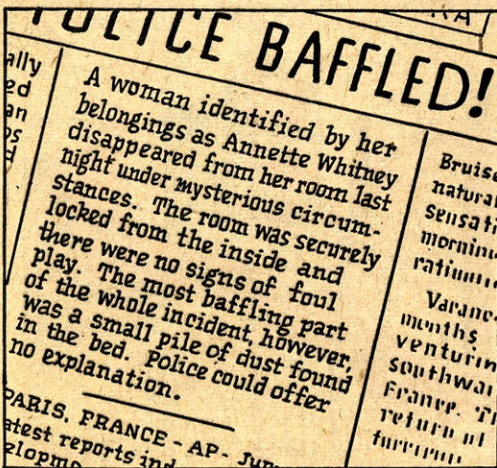
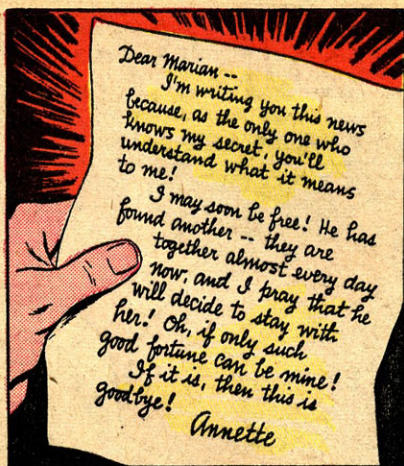
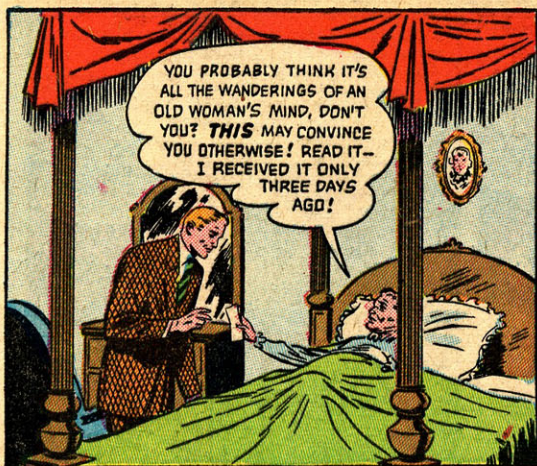
MON DIEU! THAT WOMAN -- SHE'S ALIVE!

SHE'S **DEAD**, I TELL YOU -- **DEAD!** WE'RE WITNESSING SOMETHING HORRIBLE, UNNATURAL! **YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HER, MAN!**



THIS KNIFE! IT -- IT'S **THE ONLY THING I HAVE!**





"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"LASSOING
THE LION"



CIRCUS-TIME
AGAIN, FELLAS!
LOOK AT THE
SIZE OF THAT
ELEPHANT!

I'M GLAD THOSE
BARS ARE BETWEEN
ME AND THAT LION
THERE... HE SURE IS
HUNGRY-LOOKING!

DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE
BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ABOUT
TO MOVE ON, WHEN SUDDENLY...

GET THE TRAINER...
THEN FOLLOW ME, BOYS!

ROYAL JETS OFF AFTER
THE ESCAPED LION...

HE'S HEADING FOR THE
ORPHANAGE WALL! GOTTA
HEAD HIM OFF BEFORE
HE GETS INSIDE!

THE HUNGRY BEAST CROUCHES FOR THE SPRING!

... BUT ROYAL'S LASSO HITS ITS MARK... AND
MR. LION IS LEFT CLAWING THE AIR!

AND SOON...

I SHUDDER TO THINK
WHAT MIGHT HAVE
HAPPENED IF YOU
HADN'T GOTTEN TO
THAT LION
IN TIME!

I'M MIGHTY GLAD
I WAS RIDING ON
U.S. ROYALS... THEY
ALWAYS SAVE TIME!

...AND THIS
TIME THEY
SAVED LIVES!

BOYS, WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES, YOU CAN BE
SURE YOUR WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED
FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY! DON'T
TAKE CHANCES... GET THE TIRE
WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!

"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN TOP CONTROL
COUNTS, YOU CAN COUNT ON U.S.
ROYALS, WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN!"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL.

IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR
OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH
THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.

U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

The LETTER

PROFESSOR Howard Blake opened the letter he had just received from his old friend, Dr. Montague, and began reading:

"Dear Howard

I am writing this to you because you are the only one who will believe me—and the only one who can take steps to eradicate the awful thing that has been let loose upon the earth. And Howard, I am not exaggerating when I say *awful*, for all of earth is threatened by an immensely powerful and incredibly evil *thing*—but let me start from the beginning.

It all started last week. As you know, not many people come to my astronomical observatory, because of its high altitude and isolation, situated as it is high in the Rockies. And so I was surprised when a lone prospector visited me, bringing a strange cylindrical object that he said had flashed down from the heavens and buried itself near his mining shack. He abruptly deposited it in front of my feet and hastily departed, as if he actually *feared* the thing. Upon examination, it proved to be curiously light for an object of its size, and all efforts to open it or crack its strangely resilient shell were fruitless.

The mystery of the cylinder grew as I unsuccessfully tried to determine its nature or origin. I finally gave up, resolved to conduct more extensive tests on it in the morning.

But that night, I awoke with an eerie feeling of a strange presence in my room. I flipped on the light—and instantly, a swirling, greenish, slimy *thing* enveloped me. For a moment, I was paralyzed by the sheer horror of its ghoulish touch—and then I found I *was* paralyzed. Creep-

ing tentacles of slime, had penetrated my skin and reached my nerves, rendering me utterly helpless. And then, when the tentacles reached my brain and the thing began projecting thoughts into my mind, I had a glimpse of the most fiendishly evil intelligence in the entire universe!

The thing 'told' me not to resist its probings of my brain; that it had come from a far-off star after conquering world after world, and that after it had sucked my brain dry of every scrap of knowledge, it would know how to deal with *this* world—which was next on its schedule of conquest!

I tried resisting by blanking out my mind, but it was no use—and the next thing I knew, hours later, I was alone. I staggered to my feet, wondering why the thing had abandoned its victim. And then, as a lightning flash seared the heavens, I *knew* why—I knew its fatal weakness!

The storm is over now, and I must hurry and write down what I have discovered—so that *you* will know the secret of its weakness—and warn the whole world to be ready for its coming when it is through with me. I have locked the door of my room, but the thing may come upon me at any moment, may even cut me off in the middle of a sentence, so I will tell you right now that—"

"But . . . but the letter *ends* there!" exclaimed Professor Blake. "I don't understand it—if the *thing* did stop him from finishing the letter, how did he *mail* it? And how—"

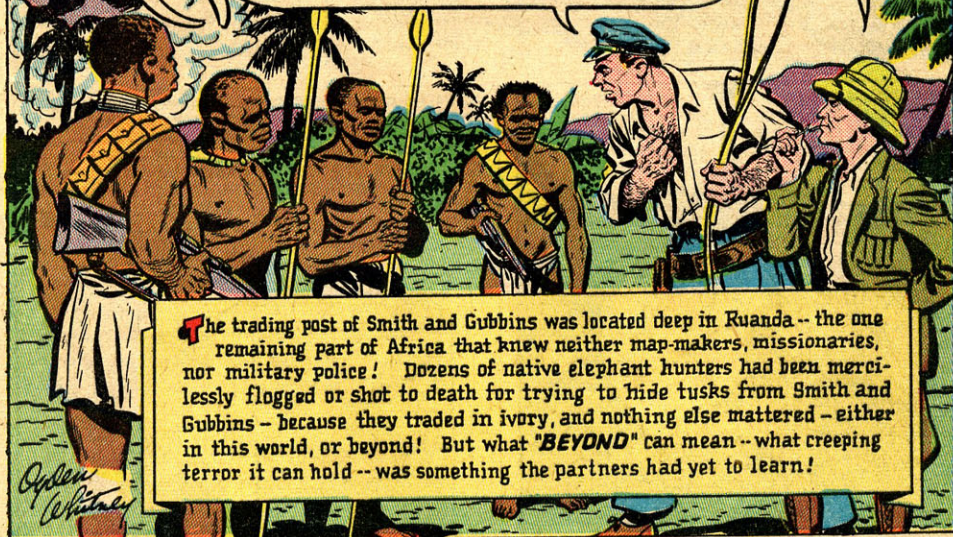
Professor Blake broke off and stared in horror as a swirling, slimy, greenish *thing* emerged from the envelope the letter had come in.

REALM of the MIST GODS



NOW GET THIS! NO MATTER WHAT YOUR MUMBO-JUMBO MAGICIANS THINK -- **I'M** THE ONE WHO SAYS WHETHER YOU LIVE OR DIE! AND WHILE YOU LIVE, YOU HUNT -- AND WHILE YOU HUNT -- YOU CATCH IVORY FOR CONGO SMITH! THERE'S JUST ONE POWER IN RUANDA -- **HERE!**

YOU 'EARD 'IM! **START TRACKIN'!**



The trading post of Smith and Gubbins was located deep in Ruanda -- the one remaining part of Africa that knew neither map-makers, missionaries, nor military police! Dozens of native elephant hunters had been mercilessly flogged or shot to death for trying to hide tusks from Smith and Gubbins -- because they traded in ivory, and nothing else mattered -- either in this world, or beyond! But what "**BEYOND**" can mean -- what creeping terror it can hold -- was something the partners had yet to learn!

POWER! IN FISTS THAT COULD SHATTER COCONUTS -- POWER IN RHINOCEROS-HIDE WHIPS AND GLEAMING SIDE ARMS! BUT WAIT...

HAAGH! THERE'S THE KIND OF POWER THESE VERMIN UNDERSTAND, LIMEY!

AND **HERE'S** THE KIND THE WORLD UNDERSTANDS -- **IVORY!** HEAPS OF IT, CONGO -- TONS OF IT -- **AND MORE TO COME!**



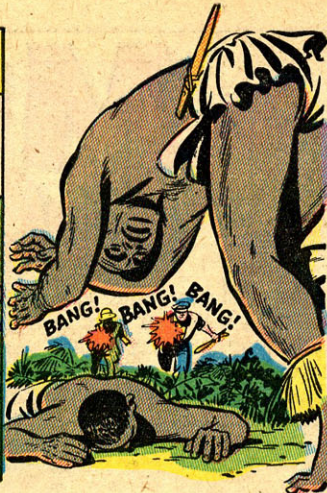
AND IF NYOKO, THE WITCH DOCTOR, COULD LISTEN -- AND SOME SAY HE COULD ALWAYS LISTEN -- HE WOULD NOD SLOWLY IN THE BLuish MURK OF HIS HUT! YES, THERE **WAS** MORE TO COME! A STRANGE, STRANGE POWER ... AND STRANGE, STRANGE IVORY...



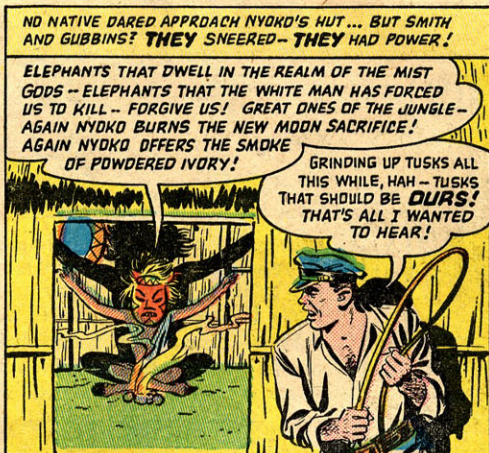
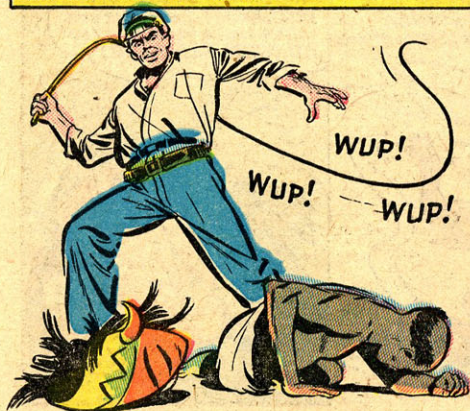
WAIT, CONGO! WAIT, LIMEY! IT STARTS HERE -- IN THIS MOMENT!...

BUZZARDS! BLAST THEIR EYES, THERE'S BEEN A KILL MADE -- AND **NO IVORY REPORTED!**

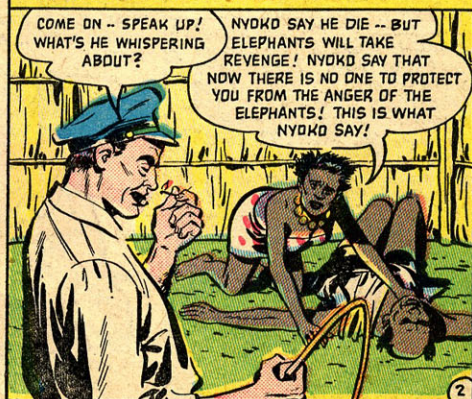




AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BLACK WHIP THUDDING DOWN -- AND THE SMOKE OF POWDERED IVORY SWIRLED OVER THE BATTERED FORM OF NYOKO...



AND WHEN CONGO'S ARM GREW TIRED -- AND THE SMOKE OF POWDERED IVORY HAD DRIFTED IN FAINT STRANDS THROUGH THE JUNGLE --



A MOMENT LATER-- LIKE THE FAR-OFF
RUMBLE OF HIDDEN DRUMS --

**BOOM!
BOOM!**

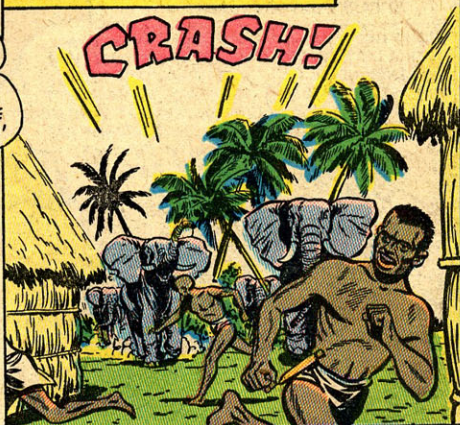
THUNDER!
ABOUT TIME THIS
BUSTERING DRY
SEASON ENDED,
LIMEY!

THAT'S
NO BLEEDIN'
THUNDER! IT'S
GETTIN' LOUDER,
THAT'S WOT-- THE
JUNGLE'S SWAYIN'
LIKE AN
INCOMIN' WAVE!



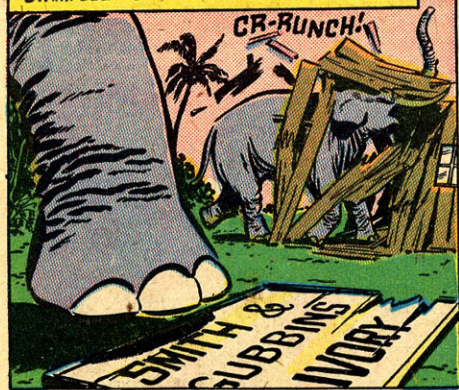
THEN -- THUDDING FROM THE BUSH --

CRASH!



NOT A SINGLE STRAW IN THE THATCHING OF THE
NATIVE HUTS WAS STIRRED BY THE HEADLONG
STAMPEDE -- BUT A MOMENT LATER --

CR-RUNCH!



AS THE TUSKERS WHEELED -- FADING INTO
THE BLURRED MISTS OF THE JUNGLE --

WHY'D IT 'APPEN TO
US, CONGO? AND
WHY'D IT 'APPEN
RIGHT AFTER WOT
NYDKO SAID WHEN
HE WAS DYIN'?

ALL RIGHT -- SUPPOSE THEY
WERE THE ELEPHANTS NYDKO
MENTIONED? THERE'S TONS OF
IVORY IN THAT HERD! THIS TIME
WE'LL GO AFTER IT OURSELVES --
WITH REPEATING RIFLES!



AND BEFORE WE START-- **YOU!**
WHERE'S THIS REALM OF
THE MIST GODS?

NO SAVVY,
BUCKRA -- NO
SAVVY!



DON'T LIE, YOU
VERMIN -- YOU'VE
BEEN THERE!

NO, BUCKRA!
NEVER --
NEVER!



WAK!

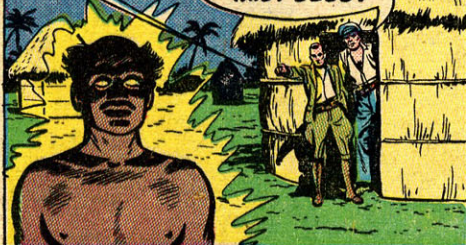
YOU'LL TALK -- HEAR ME?
BECAUSE IF ONE OF YOU DOESN'T
TELL ME HOW TO GET THERE BY
TONIGHT -- I'LL HAVE YOU
WRITING IN THE ASHES
OF YOUR OWN HUTS!



**THAT NIGHT -- WITH CONGO READY
TO CARRY OUT HIS THREAT --**

LOOKS LIKE A NATIVE
WITH A LANTERN, CONGO...
BUT THEY NEVER GO
OUT AFTER SUNSET!
THEY'RE **AFRAID**
TO!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA WHY
THIS ONE'S OUT! HE'S
TRACKING THAT ELEPHANT
HERD -- AND HE WOULDN'T
BOTHER DOING IT IF HE DIDN'T
KNOW HOW TO REACH THE
**REALM OF THE
MIST GODS!**



WHERE IS IT?
HOW FAR?

NOT FAR! FOR YOU,
BUCKRA -- **NOT FAR!**
I'LL TELL YOU -- THE
DIRECTION --



THERE'S NOTHING
CONGO SMITH CAN'T
FIND OUT! WE'LL
LEAVE NOW, LIMY...
SO WE CAN REACH
THE ELEPHANTS
BY DAWN!

THE REALM OF
THE MIST GODS!
IT IS WELL,
NYOKO -- **IT
IS WELL!**

ALL THAT NIGHT, CARRYING THEIR
HEAVY ELEPHANT GUNS, CONGO
AND LIMY PUSHED THROUGH A
SULTRY DOMAIN OF SILENCE --
THE DARKNESS LIKE A FORMLESS
BLACK THING THAT PROWLED
BESIDE THEM...

WE NEEDN'T WASTE
TIME BLAZING A TRAIL --
WE CAN GET A FIX WITH
OUR COMPASSES AT
DAWN!



**BUT WHEN THE SUN ROSE -- SCREENED
BY A THICK MATTING OF FOLIAGE --**

CAN'T BE MUCH
FURTHER! WE'LL
KEEP HEADING
NORTHEAST!

WOT! NOW LOOK
HERE, CONGO --
NORTHEAST IS
THAT W'Y!



WHY'NT THEY JIBE,
CONGO? WHY'RE THEY
POINTIN' IN DIFFERENT
DIRECTIONS? BLIMEY --
I DON'T LIKE THIS,
I DON'T!

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?
SOONER OR LATER, WE'RE
BOUND TO COME ACROSS
SOMETHING THAT WILL LEAD
US STRAIGHT BACK TO THE
VILLAGE -- THE TRACKS OF
THAT ELEPHANT
HERD!



**FOUR HOURS PASSED -- FOUR HOURS IN A WORLD IN
WHICH NOTHING MOVED BUT THE MIST! MIST WITH
THE FAINT ACRID TOUCH OF SMOKE -- THE SMOKE
OF POWDERED IVORY!**

NO TRACKS! NO
BLEEDIN'
TRACKS!

WE'LL FIND 'EM,
I TELL YOU!
SHUT UP!





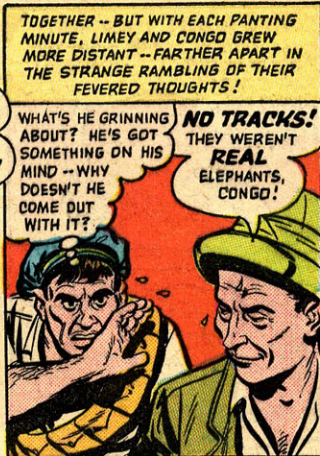
BACK THERE, I MEAN, CONGO! THAT HERD STAMPED AND POUNDED THROUGH THE VILLAGE-- BUT DID YOU SEE ANY TRACKS? THAT'S WOT I WANT TO KNOW-- DID YOU?

WE'RE IN THE DRY SEASON-- THE GROUND WAS CAKED HARD! NOW STOP JABBERING --IT LOOKS LIKE OPEN COUNTRY AHEAD!

THEY REACHED IT SOON AFTERWARD -- A STRICKEN EXPANSE OF SUN AND SCRUB -- FRINGED BY HILLS THAT SEEMED LOST IN THE HAZE OF TIME!

OPEN COUNTRY, EH? WELL, YOU CAN TYKE IT -- I'M STICKIN' TO THE JUNGLE!

SHUT YOUR YAP! WE'RE GOING ACROSS-- TOGETHER!



TOGETHER -- BUT WITH EACH PANTING MINUTE, LIMEY AND CONGO GREW MORE DISTANT -- FARTHER APART IN THE STRANGE RAMBLING OF THEIR FEVERED THOUGHTS!

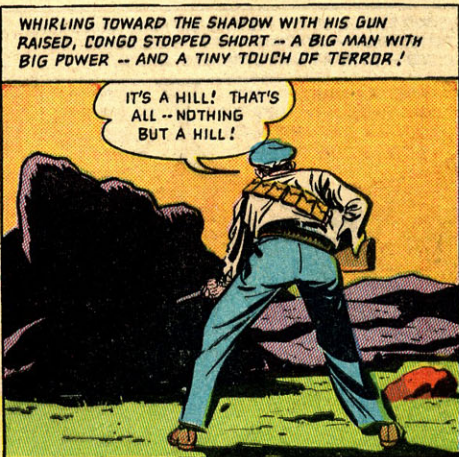
WHAT'S HE GRINNING ABOUT? HE'S GOT SOMETHING ON HIS MIND -- WHY DOESN'T HE COME OUT WITH IT?

NO TRACKS! THEY WEREN'T **REAL** ELEPHANTS, CONGO!



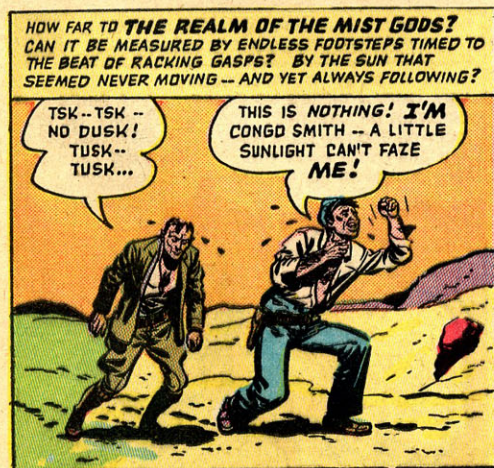
JUST KEEP IT UP, SEE? THAT'S THE WAY TO GET YOUR NECK TWISTED -- HEAR ME?

WOT D'YOU KNOW -- A TUSKER! A BLOOMIN' **BIG ONE!**



WHIRLING TOWARD THE SHADOW WITH HIS GUN RAISED, CONGO STOPPED SHORT -- A BIG MAN WITH BIG POWER -- AND A TINY TOUCH OF TERROR!

IT'S A HILL! THAT'S ALL -- NOTHING BUT A HILL!



HOW FAR TO **THE REALM OF THE MIST GODS?** CAN IT BE MEASURED BY ENDLESS FOOTSTEPS TIMED TO THE BEAT OF RACKING GASPS? BY THE SUN THAT SEEMED NEVER MOVING -- AND YET ALWAYS FOLLOWING?

TSK--TSK -- NO DUSK! TUSK--TUSK...

THIS IS **NOTHING!** I'M CONGO SMITH -- A LITTLE SUNLIGHT CAN'T FAZE **ME!**



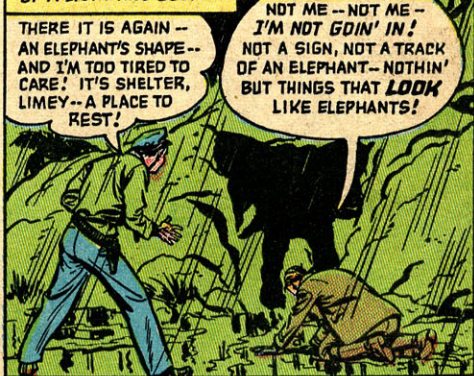
MY EYES! BRIMSTONE AND FIRE! I'M HALF-BLIND!



CONGO LEAPED TO HIS FEET AS THE HUGE RAIN DROPS PELTED DOWN -- STARING AT AN UNMISTAKABLE CLOUD -- WITH AN UNMISTAKABLE SHAPE!



SLOGGING THROUGH THE DOWNPOUR IN A DRIPPING WORLD OF LOST LANDMARKS, CONGO AND LIMEY REACHED A CAVE -- AND IN THE GREENISH GLARE OF A LIGHTNING BOLT --



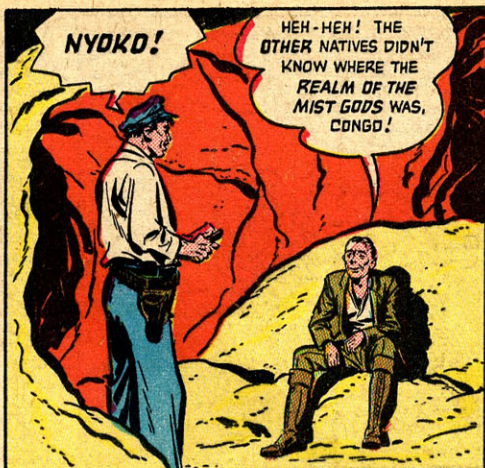
THEN -- AS CONGO STOOPED FOR THE BOOK THAT HAD FALLEN FROM LIMEY'S POCKET--



HOW MANY MILES TO NYASA? RUNNING HIS FINGER DOWN THE PAGE, CONGO PAUSED--HIS BLOODSHOT EYES FIXED ON AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER!

believed extinct...

Ny-ók-o-- a name meaning "elephant king." Used by witch doctors with supposed control over the spirits of slain elephants....



NYOKO!

HEH-HEH! THE OTHER NATIVES DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THE REALM OF THE MIST GODS WAS, CONGO!



BUT WE FOUND OUT, DIDN'T WE? DIDN'T WE?

YES--FROM 'IM! 'E CAME BACK TO TELL US, CONGO! NO LIVING NATIVE COULD DO IT--AND 'E WANTED TO BE SURE WE'D GET HERE!

SMACK!



STOP JABBERING! STOP-- YOU HEAR ME?

HA-HA! THE REALM OF THE MIST GODS! EVERYONE GETS HERE SOONER OR LATER, CONGO-- BUT WE TOOK A BLOOMIN' SHORT CUT -- TO DEATH!



MIXED FEAR AND RAGE CAN BE A TERRIBLE THING IN A MAN LIKE CONGO-- A MAN WITH A FIST THAT CAN SHATTER COCONUTS!

MAYBE NOW YOU'LL QUIT, HAH?

POW!

CRACK!



AND IF NYOKO WERE HERE -- AND SOME SAY HE WAS ALWAYS HERE -- HE WOULD NOD SLOWLY...

YES. BUCKRA -- LIMEY GUBBINS HAS QUIT!

SAY SOMETHING, LIMEY--YOU KNOW I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU SO HARD! BUT HERE WE'VE BEEN LOST LORD KNOWS HOW LONG, MATEY -- AND THEN ON TOP OF IT, ALL THIS TALK-- ABOUT -- DEATH!



IT WAS EASIER TO HEAR THINGS, NOW THAT CONGO SMITH WAS ALONE... THE RAIN HISSED DOWN LIKE A CHORUS OF MUTED WHISPERS -- AND THE MORE CONGO LISTENED --

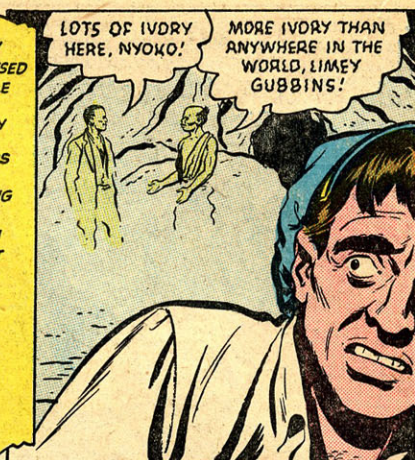
IT SOUNDS LIKE HIM! STILL TALKING CRAZY--TRYING TO GET ME THAT WAY!

YOU'RE THE MASTER, CONGO! WHIP THOSE RAIN DROPS! SHOOT THAT LIGHTNING! YOU'VE GOT THE POWER!



THE LITTLE WEASEL -- THINKS HE CAN KEEP ON SAYING THINGS JUST BECAUSE HE'S **DEAD**, EH? I'LL PRETEND I DON'T HEAR HIM -- I'LL MAKE OUT I'M ASLEEP!

AN ETERNITY COULD HAVE PASSED IN THE SINGLE FLICKER OF CONGO'S HEAVY EYELIDS -- AND PERHAPS IT DID! THE LIGHTNING FADED AS IF IT HAD BEEN SNUFFED OUT BY A BLACK AND GROPING HAND -- AND AS CONGO SLOWLY TURNED HIS HEAD --



LOTS OF IVORY HERE, NYOKO!

MORE IVORY THAN ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD, LIMEY GUBBINS!



NO ONE'S EVER FOUND IT BUT YOU AND ME, NYOKO!

SO THAT'S IT ... THE TWO OF 'EM PLOTTING AND SCHEMING TO GET ME OUT HERE -- DRIVE ME BALMY BY INCHES -- AND KEEP THE IVORY FOR THEMSELVES!



THE STRANGE VOICES DRONED ON AS CONGO STALKED THROUGH THE CAVE -- WHEN SUDDENLY --

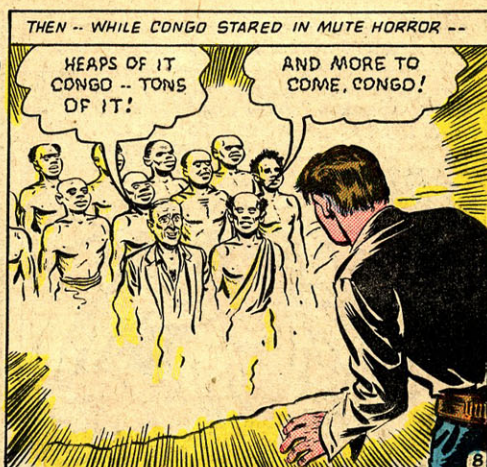
I REMEMBER THAT ONE, NYOKO -- I SHOT 'IM MYSELF! THOSE THREE OVER THERE WERE KILLED BY CONGO ... THEY ALWAYS DIED SLOW WHEN CONGO KILLED 'EM ... BUT BY RIGHTS IT'S CONGO'S IVORY ...

HUUUGH!



LIMEY! ... THEN ... WHO'S THAT ... **TALKING?**

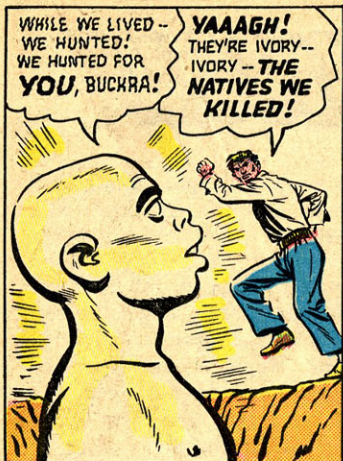
I'M GOIN' TO SPEND THE NEXT MILLION YEARS BURYIN' THIS IVORY, NYOKO! IT **OUGHT** TO BE BURIED ... WE MUSTN'T LET CONGO FIND IT ...



THEN -- WHILE CONGO STARED IN MUTE HORROR --

HEAPS OF IT CONGO -- TONS OF IT!

AND MORE TO COME, CONGO!



WHILE WE LIVED --
WE HUNTED!
WE HUNTED FOR
YOU, BUCKRA!

YAAAGH!
THEY'RE IVORY--
IVORY -- **THE**
NATIVES WE
KILLED!

AND NOW AGAIN THE JUNGLE SWAYED
UNDER A HEADLONG RUSH -- THE
BELLOWING CHARGE OF A MAN WHOSE
LAST MADDENED BURST OF POWER
LEVELED THE UNDERGROWTH IN
HIS PATH!

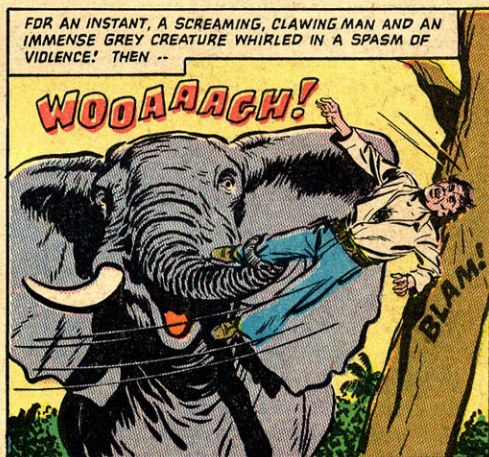
THEY WON'T GET
ME -- THEY WON'T GET
ME! THOSE THINGS THAT
LOOKED LIKE ELEPHANTS
WERE ALL IN LIMEY'S HEAD
-- BUT I'M NOT CRAZY!

A FAINT BREEZE STIRRED THE FOLIAGE --
A BREEZE BEARING THE ACRID SMOKE OF
POWDERED IVORY -- AND HERE, WITH
THE DULL GLEAM OF DAWN ON THEIR
POLISHED CURVES --

IVORY...
IVORY,
HAH?



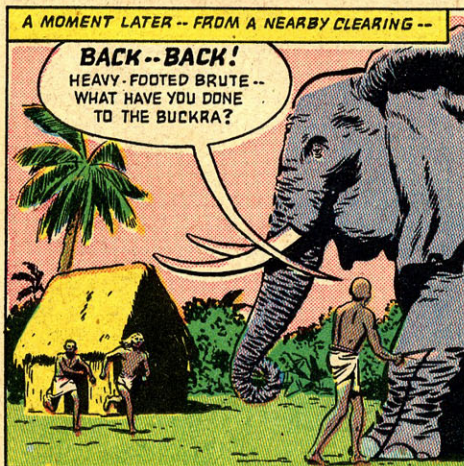
LIMEY -- NYOKO --
I'LL **SHOW** YOU
YOU CAN'T FOOL
ME!



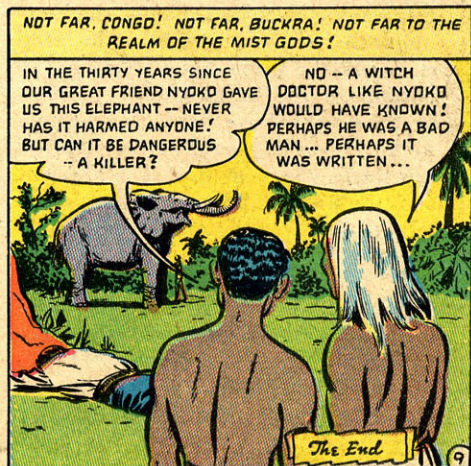
FOR AN INSTANT, A SCREAMING, CLAWING MAN AND AN
IMMENSE GREY CREATURE WHIRLED IN A SPASM OF
VIOLENCE! THEN --

WOAAAACH!

BLAM!



BACK -- BACK!
HEAVY-FOOTED BRUTE --
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
TO THE BUCKRA?



NOT FAR, CONGO! NOT FAR, BUCKRA! NOT FAR TO THE
REALM OF THE MIST GODS!

IN THE THIRTY YEARS SINCE
OUR GREAT FRIEND NYOKO GAVE
US THIS ELEPHANT -- NEVER
HAS IT HARMED ANYONE!
BUT CAN IT BE DANGEROUS
-- A KILLER?

NO -- A WITCH
DOCTOR LIKE NYOKO
WOULD HAVE KNOWN!
PERHAPS HE WAS A BAD
MAN ... PERHAPS IT
WAS WRITTEN ...

The End

WATCHFUL UNCLE

"**CYNTHIA!** Whom *are* you talking to up there? Come down here this very minute!"

Cynthia Amberley stepped timidly out of her room, clutching her doll tight against her heart, and stood at the head of the stairs, looking fearfully down at her cousin Roger. "I . . . I was just talking to Uncle Jack," she stammered out. "He was telling me *ghost* stories."

Roger glared up at her impatiently. "That's nonsense," he almost shouted. "How many times must I tell you that Uncle Jack has been dead a whole week? Now stop your fairy tales and come down here—hurry! *Run!*"

Galvanized into action by the shouted command, Cynthia began scrambling down the steep stairs as fast as she could, without even holding onto the bannisters. As she neared the step across which Roger had tied the thin but strong length of piano wire, his eyes took on an avid gleam. He could already see, in his mind's eye, Cynthia's ankle catching the wire, the hurtling little body crashing down the steep stairwell, the prone figure lying at the bottom in the unmistakable position of those who have died of a broken neck. At last he would be revenged on the uncle who had thwarted him out of an enormous inheritance, who had left all his wealth to this despicable little snip of a girl.

Yes, *he*—Roger Amberley—would fall heir to the family wealth as soon as Cynthia tripped on the—*WAIT!* "It . . . it *can't* be," Roger thought in desperation. "I . . . I'm *seeing* things—

that white wisp of vapor *didn't* suddenly appear and lift Cynthia's foot over the wire!"

But it *must* have been, for here was Cynthia skipping safely down the rest of the stairs and stopping docilely in front of him. Roger Amberley passed a shaking hand over his forehead, and knew that his nerves were shot—he'd have to get rid of the girl before he *really* went batty! And he knew the best, most foolproof way!

Willingly, Cynthia accompanied him to the attic, where he stopped in front of the huge trunk with the massive iron top. It took all his strength to pull the lid creakingly up, and then he said, in his most amiable voice. "Look inside, Cynthia. There's a surprise in there for you!"

Eagerly, Cynthia stooped over the dim interior of the trunk, and just as Roger was about to push her, he was halted by her cry of delight. "Oh, **UNCLE JACK**—this is a wonderful surprise! But what are you doing in *here?*"

Stunned for a moment, Roger recovered his wits and roughly pushed the girl aside. "*Uncle Jack?*—You're out of your mind, Cynthia! Here—let *me* see what's inside!"

The interior of the trunk was shadowy and dark, and Roger had to thrust his head further into it before he could make out what that vague, amorphous white shape really was. But when he *did* find out, it was too late—for the grinning, wraith had reached up suddenly and slammed the massive lid down upon him forever.

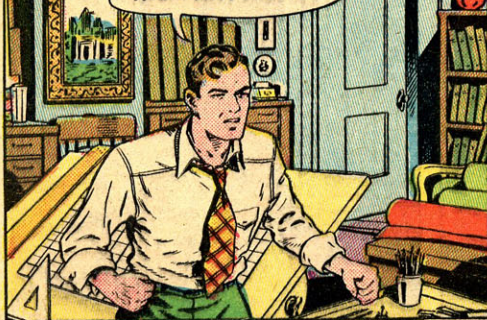
MAP of MAGIC

You've probably heard of the Sorcerer's Apprentice, reader-- the lad who unwittingly released all the fiendish forces of the **UNKNOWN**-- but have you ever heard of the **MAP-MAKER** who unknowingly brought to life ghoulish demons who had been dead for over 500 years? No? Well then, get set for thrills-- in the strange story of the unearthly creatures who were summoned out of the beyond by a **MAP OF MAGIC!**



Our story opens late one night in the office of David Jennings, one of the most brilliant young map-makers in the country...

MAPS, MAPS, MAPS!
I'M SICK OF THEM -- ALL OF THEM!
I CAN'T STAND LOOKING AT
THEM ANY MORE!



HI, DARLING -- HOW'S MY HUSBAND-TO-BE TONIGHT -- **DAVE!** WHAT'S **WRONG?**

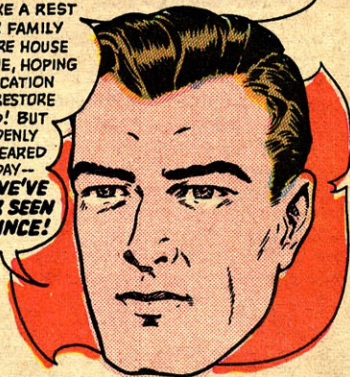
I -- I GUESS MAYBE I'VE BEEN UNDER TOO MUCH STRAIN -- I FEEL AS IF I'M ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! I... I'D BETTER GO SEE OLD DOC SINGER!





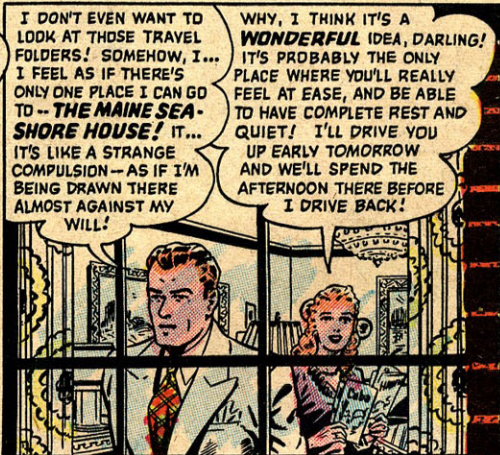
DAVE, IF YOU DON'T STOP DRIVING YOURSELF AT SUCH A KILLING PACE, YOU'RE GOING TO END UP THE SAME WAY YOUR FATHER DID -- **INSANE!** HE WAS A GREAT MAP-MAKER, TOD -- BUT HE FINALLY CRACKED UNDER THE PRESSURE OF OVERWORK! IF YOU REMEMBER, HE BEGAN HAVING DELUSIONS THAT HE COULD CREATE **NEW WORLDS** -- LIKE A GOD -- MERELY BY DRAWING **MAPS** OF THEM WITH A SECRET INK!

YES, I REMEMBER HIS MAD BABBLING ONLY TOO WELL! HE CLAIMED HE FOUND THE FORMULA FOR THE INK IN AN ANCIENT, FORGOTTEN BOOK OF ALCHEMY! WE FINALLY PERSUADED HIM TO TAKE A REST AT OUR FAMILY SEASHORE HOUSE IN MAINE, HOPING THE VACATION WOULD RESTORE HIS MIND! BUT HE SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED ONE DAY -- **AND WE'VE NEVER SEEN HIM SINCE!**



YES, HE PROBABLY COMMITTED SUICIDE BY WALKING INTO THE SEA -- AND I DON'T WANT THAT HAPPENING TO **YOU!** SO TAKE MY ADVICE, MY BOY -- **AND TAKE A REST!**

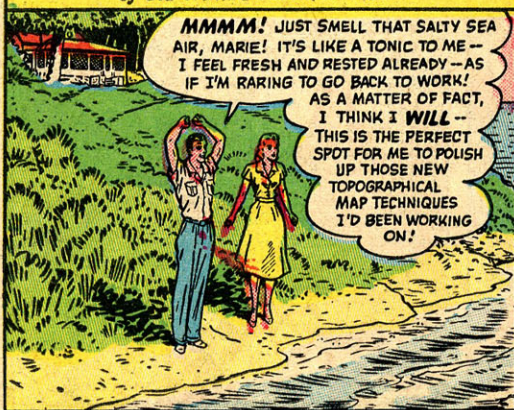
DON'T WORRY, DOCTOR -- I'LL MAKE SURE HE GOES SOMEPLACE WHERE IT'S **REALLY** CALM AND PEACEFUL!



I DON'T EVEN WANT TO LOOK AT THOSE TRAVEL FOLDERS! SOMEHOW, I... I FEEL AS IF THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE I CAN GO TO -- **THE MAINE SEASHORE HOUSE!** IT... IT'S LIKE A STRANGE COMPULSION -- AS IF I'M BEING DRAWN THERE ALMOST AGAINST MY WILL!

WHY, I THINK IT'S A **WONDERFUL** IDEA, DARLING! IT'S PROBABLY THE ONLY PLACE WHERE YOU'LL REALLY FEEL AT EASE, AND BE ABLE TO HAVE COMPLETE REST AND QUIET! I'LL DRIVE YOU UP EARLY TOMORROW AND WE'LL SPEND THE AFTERNOON THERE BEFORE I DRIVE BACK!

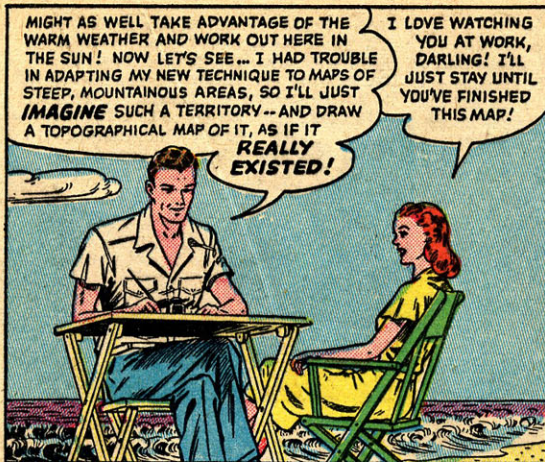
Next day, at the lonely, isolated Jennings estate south of Old Orchard Beach, Maine...



MMMM! JUST SMELL THAT SALTY SEA AIR, MARIE! IT'S LIKE A TONIC TO ME -- I FEEL FRESH AND RESTED ALREADY -- AS IF I'M RARING TO GO BACK TO WORK! AS A MATTER OF FACT, I THINK I **WILL** -- THIS IS THE PERFECT SPOT FOR ME TO POLISH UP THOSE NEW TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP TECHNIQUES I'D BEEN WORKING ON!

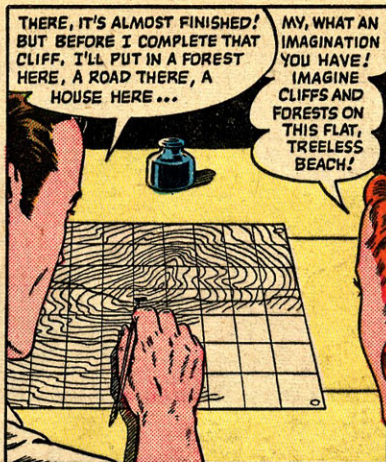


AH, I KNEW THERE'D BE SOME OF DAD'S OLD EQUIPMENT LYING AROUND THE HOUSE! LET'S SEE -- I'VE GOT MAP PAPER, PEN, INK, AND A PORTABLE DRAWING BOARD -- EVERYTHING I NEED!



MIGHT AS WELL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE WARM WEATHER AND WORK OUT HERE IN THE SUN! NOW LET'S SEE... I HAD TROUBLE IN ADAPTING MY NEW TECHNIQUE TO MAPS OF STEEP, MOUNTAINOUS AREAS, SO I'LL JUST **IMAGINE** SUCH A TERRITORY--AND DRAW A TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF IT, AS IF IT **REALLY** EXISTED!

I LOVE WATCHING YOU AT WORK, DARLING! I'LL JUST STAY UNTIL YOU'VE FINISHED THIS MAP!



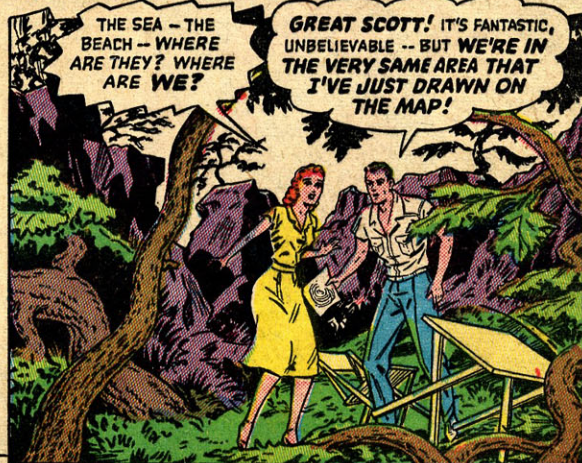
THERE, IT'S ALMOST FINISHED! BUT BEFORE I COMPLETE THAT CLIFF, I'LL PUT IN A FOREST HERE, A ROAD THERE, A HOUSE HERE...

MY, WHAT AN IMAGINATION YOU HAVE! IMAGINE CLIFFS AND FORESTS ON THIS FLAT, TREELESS BEACH!

But then, as Marie looks up from the drawing board...

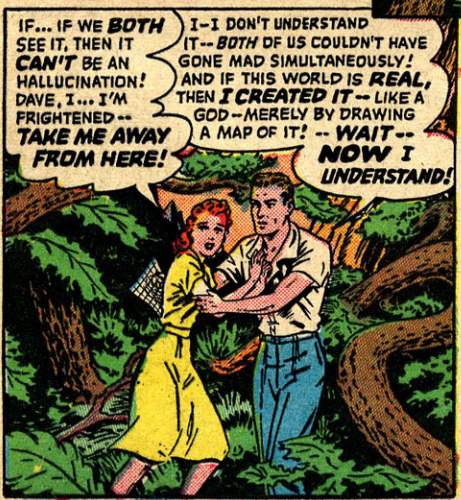


OHH, N-NO! DAVE-- LOOK!



THE SEA -- THE BEACH -- WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE ARE WE?

GREAT SCOTT! IT'S FANTASTIC, UNBELIEVABLE -- BUT **WE'RE IN THE VERY SAME AREA THAT I'VE JUST DRAWN ON THE MAP!**



IF... IF WE **BOTH** SEE IT, THEN IT **CAN'T** BE AN HALLUCINATION! DAVE, I... I'M FRIGHTENED-- **TAKE ME AWAY FROM HERE!**

I-- I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT-- **BOTH** OF US COULDN'T HAVE GONE MAD SIMULTANEOUSLY! AND IF THIS WORLD IS **REAL**, THEN I **CREATED IT**-- LIKE A GOD--MERELY BY DRAWING A MAP OF IT! -- **WAIT -- NOW I UNDERSTAND!**



DAD **WASN'T** INSANE -- HE **DID** LEARN THE SECRET OF FORMING NEW WORLDS BY MAPPING THEM OUT WITH THAT SPECIAL INK HE DISCOVERED-- THE INK THAT MUST'VE BEEN IN THE BOTTLE I JUST USED! THIS IS THE GREATEST EVENT OF THE AGE -- AND JUST **THINK**--WE'LL BE THE VERY **FIRST** TO EXPLORE THIS NEW WORLD!

EXPLORE? OH, NO, DAVE-- **NO!** THERE'S NO TELLING WHO --OR **WHAT**--IS WAITING FOR US UP IN THOSE WILD MOUNTAINS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE -- **FAST!**



NONSENSE, DARLING -- HOW CAN THIS AREA BE INHABITED WHEN IT'S JUST BEEN **CREATED?** THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, BUT YOU CAN WAIT FOR ME HERE, IF YOU LIKE! I'LL JUST TAKE THIS MAP ALONG IN CASE I GET LOST, AND --

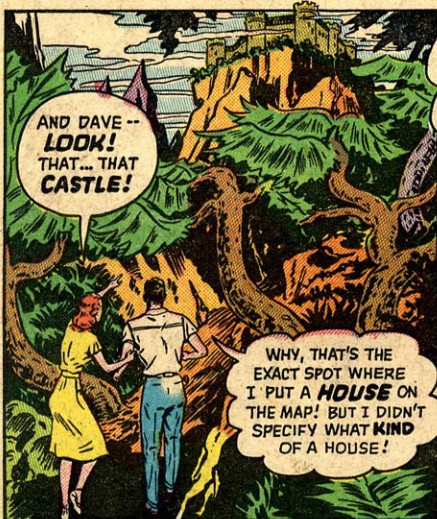
NO, DAVE -- **WAIT! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE ALONE--I'LL COME WITH YOU!**

And so began that *Strangest of all explorations -- that journey into a land created by mysterious, occult forces -- that ADVENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN!*



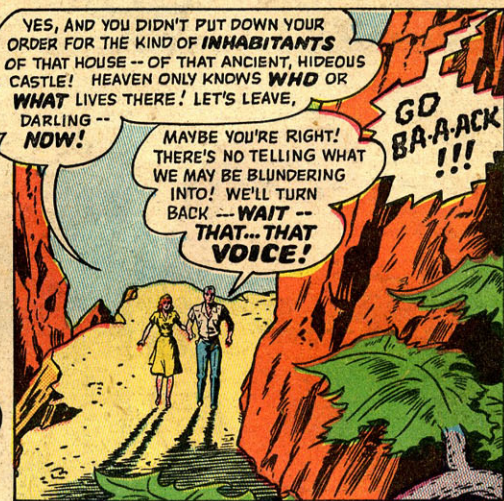
DAVE -- THOSE **TREES** -- I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY LIKE THEM BEFORE! THEY ... THEY LOOK **QUEER!**

THEY'RE OF A SPECIES THAT EXISTED ONLY IN MEDIEVAL EUROPE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING **HERE** -- I DREW SOME WOODS ON THE MAP, BUT I CERTAINLY DIDN'T HAVE IN MIND TREES THAT HAVE BEEN EXTINGUISHED SINCE THE **DARK AGES!**



AND DAVE -- **LOOK!** THAT ... THAT **CASTLE!**

WHY, THAT'S THE EXACT SPOT WHERE I PUT A **HOUSE** ON THE MAP! BUT I DIDN'T SPECIFY WHAT KIND OF A HOUSE!



YES, AND YOU DIDN'T PUT DOWN YOUR ORDER FOR THE KIND OF **INHABITANTS** OF THAT HOUSE -- OF THAT ANCIENT, HIDEOUS CASTLE! HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS **WHO** OR **WHAT** LIVES THERE! LET'S LEAVE, DARLING -- **NOW!**

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WE MAY BE BLUNDERING INTO! WE'LL TURN BACK -- **WAIT -- THAT... THAT VOICE!**

GO BA-A-ACK!!!



GO BACK -- BACK! DEATH AWAITS YOU HERE -- GO BACK!

OHHH!

NO, IT CAN'T BE -- BUT IT **IS!** THAT'S **DAD!** HE'S ALIVE! **DAD -- IT'S ME -- DAVE!**



For a moment, the figure atop the cliff peers unbelievably down ... and then, with a renewed tone of wild terror ...

SON -- YOU? GO, GO BACK... GO BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE -- BEFORE THEY GET YOU!



DAVID, LEAVE--
OHHH!

DAD!

OH, DAVE... **THOSE HORRIBLE THINGS!**
WE'VE GOT TO LISTEN
TO YOUR FATHER'S
WARNING-- **LET'S GO BACK!**

NO--- I MUST FIND OUT
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO DAD--
TRY TO **SAVE** HIM-- FROM
WHATEVER IT IS THAT
CAPTURED HIM!
COME ON!

ALL RIGHT!
I... I'D DIE OF
FRIGHT IF YOU LEFT
ME HERE ALONE, AND
I MIGHT AS WELL DIE
ONE WAY AS
ANOTHER!

*Up, up the craggy, forbidding
slopes that have been newly created
--yet somehow possess the dank odor
of a land rotting with age... up through
the mists to an ancient, slime-covered
relic of the Middle Ages--the **DARK
AGES!***

THIS IS WHERE
THEY PROBABLY
TOOK DAD!
**WE MUST
GO INSIDE!**

OH, DAVE, **YOU**
COULDN'T HAVE JUST
CREATED THIS...
MONSTROSITY!
WHY, IT LOOKS
AS IF IT'S A
THOUSAND
YEARS OLD!

The castle door creaks back on hinges
unused for centuries...and inside, the pair's
footsteps echo hollowly, empty, in a huge
Cavern of Silent Shadows-- shadows that
suddenly move, and become tentacle-like arms...

IT'S LIKE AN ANCIENT BARONIAL
HALL-- AND YOU CAN TELL FROM
THE SOUND OF OUR FOOTSTEPS
THAT IT'S
EMPTY!

**NO, DAVE --
IT'S NOT!
LOOK OUT!**



DAVE--HELP!

**YOU...YOU DEVILS!
GET YOUR SLIMY
HANDS OFF
HER!**

AH, THEY STRUGGLE
WITH GREAT FORCE--THEY
MUST HAVE **STRONG** HEARTS--
NOT LIKE THE **OLD ONE!**
BUT THEY DO NOT KNOW RESISTANCE
IS USELESS AGAINST OUR OTHER--
WORLDLY STRENGTH
AND CUNNING!

AH, A PERFECT SPECIMEN--
I WILL TAKE **HER** HEART
FOR **MYSELF!**--THROW
THEM IN THE NORTH TOWER
WHILE WE PREPARE
THE EQUIPMENT!

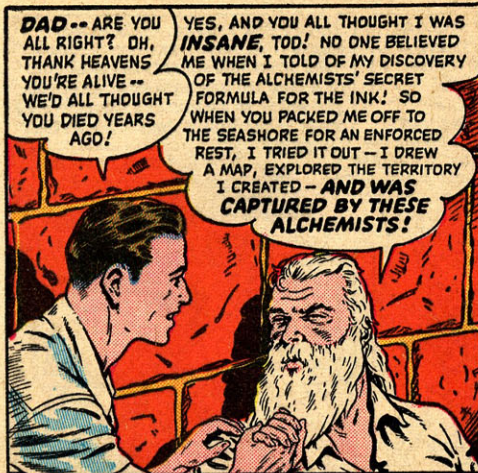
**DON'T
TOUCH
ME! GET
AWAY
FROM
ME!**

**LET HER
ALONE, YOU
FIEND!**



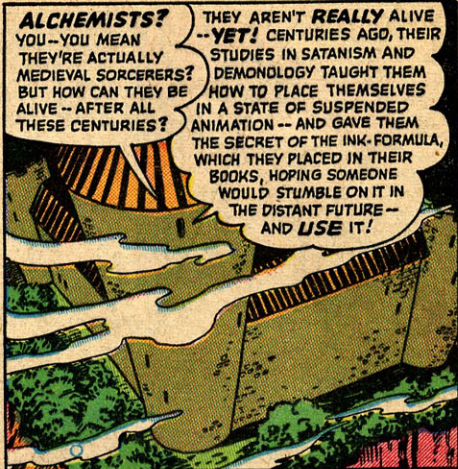
THERE -- INTO THE TOWER
AND CALM YOUR HEARTS-- UNTIL
WE ARE READY TO **TAKE** THEM!

SON -- THEY
DID GET
YOU!



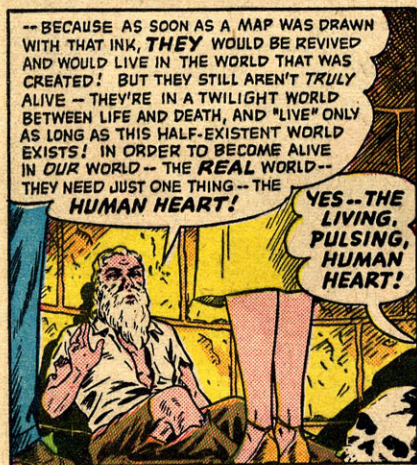
DAD-- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? OH, THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE ALIVE-- WE'D ALL THOUGHT YOU DIED YEARS AGO!

YES, AND YOU ALL THOUGHT I WAS INSANE, TOO! NO ONE BELIEVED ME WHEN I TOLD OF MY DISCOVERY OF THE ALCHEMISTS' SECRET FORMULA FOR THE INK! SO WHEN YOU PACKED ME OFF TO THE SEASHORE FOR AN ENFORCED REST, I TRIED IT OUT-- I DREW A MAP, EXPLORED THE TERRITORY I CREATED-- AND WAS CAPTURED BY THESE ALCHEMISTS!



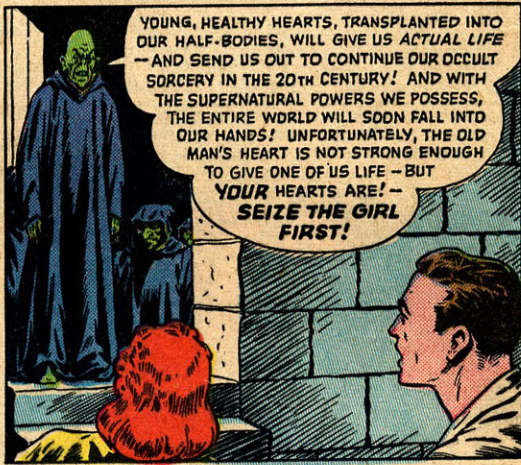
ALCHEMISTS? YOU--YOU MEAN THEY'RE ACTUALLY MEDIEVAL SORCERERS? BUT HOW CAN THEY BE ALIVE-- AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES?

THEY AREN'T REALLY ALIVE --YET! CENTURIES AGO, THEIR STUDIES IN SATANISM AND DEMONOLGY TAUGHT THEM HOW TO PLACE THEMSELVES IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION-- AND GAVE THEM THE SECRET OF THE INK-FORMULA, WHICH THEY PLACED IN THEIR BOOKS, HOPING SOMEONE WOULD STUMBLE ON IT IN THE DISTANT FUTURE-- AND USE IT!



-- BECAUSE AS SOON AS A MAP WAS DRAWN WITH THAT INK, THEY WOULD BE REVIVED AND WOULD LIVE IN THE WORLD THAT WAS CREATED! BUT THEY STILL AREN'T TRULY ALIVE -- THEY'RE IN A TWILIGHT WORLD BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, AND "LIVE" ONLY AS LONG AS THIS HALF-EXISTENT WORLD EXISTS! IN ORDER TO BECOME ALIVE IN OUR WORLD-- THE REAL WORLD-- THEY NEED JUST ONE THING-- THE HUMAN HEART!

YES--THE LIVING, PULSING, HUMAN HEART!



YOUNG, HEALTHY HEARTS, TRANSPLANTED INTO OUR HALF-BODIES, WILL GIVE US ACTUAL LIFE --AND SEND US OUT TO CONTINUE OUR OCCULT SORCERY IN THE 20TH CENTURY! AND WITH THE SUPERNATURAL POWERS WE POSSESS, THE ENTIRE WORLD WILL SOON FALL INTO OUR HANDS! UNFORTUNATELY, THE OLD MAN'S HEART IS NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO GIVE ONE OF US LIFE -- BUT YOUR HEARTS ARE! -- SEIZE THE GIRL FIRST!



OH, NO, NO! HELP!

DON'T WORRY, MARIE! I'LL SHOW THESE GHOULS WHAT A REAL SLEEP IS-- COMPLETE WITH STARS!

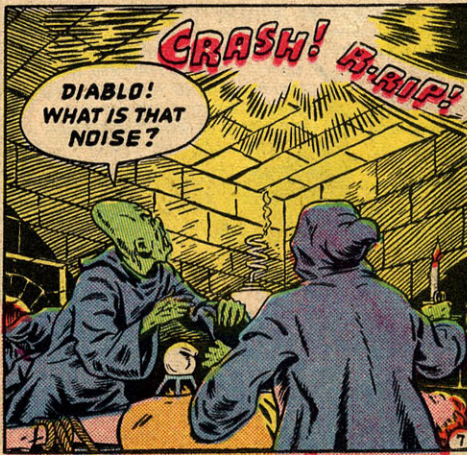
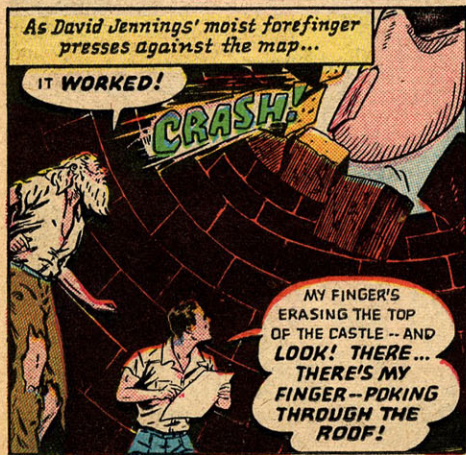
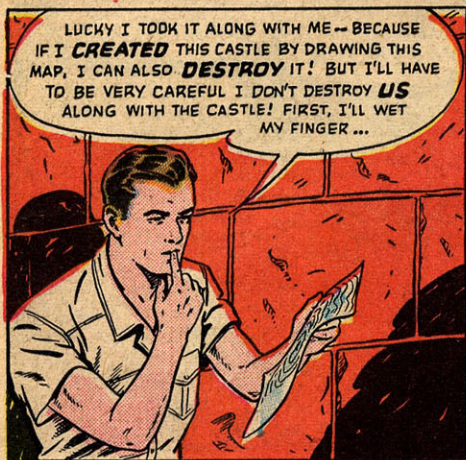
GET HIM!

POW!



OHHHHH!

EXCELLENT! NOW TAKE THE GIRL INTO THE LABORATORY ON THE FLOOR BELOW!





NOW I'LL JUST PRESS MY FINGER
A LITTLE HARDER AGAINST THE
MAP, AND -- **HERE**
WE GO, DAD!



THAT **DID IT!**
AND NOW I'LL NEED
BOTH HANDS, SO I'LL
JUST STUFF THE MAP
IN MY POCKET!

YAHII!



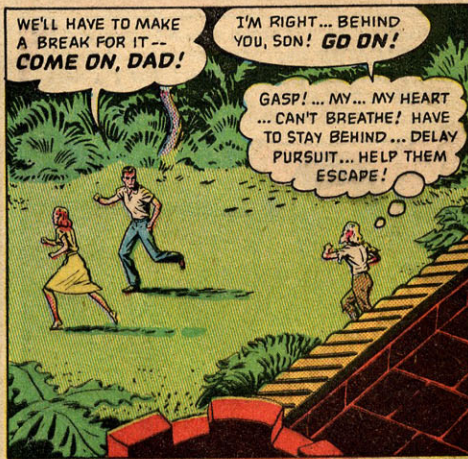
I'LL KEEP 'EM BUSY, DAD!
GET MARIE LOOSE!

POW!



AND BEFORE WE LEAVE -- **THIS'LL**
TAKE CARE OF YOUR DIABOLICAL
EQUIPMENT!

CRASH!



WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE
A BREAK FOR IT --
COME ON, DAD!

I'M RIGHT... BEHIND
YOU, SON! **GO ON!**

GASP! ... MY ... MY HEART
... CAN'T BREATHE! HAVE
TO STAY BEHIND ... DELAY
PURSUIT ... HELP THEM
ESCAPE!



But, after a short, panicky run ...

DHH -- LOOK!
THERE'S THE
SEA -- AND
THERE'S NO
PLACE ELSE
TO TURN!
WE'RE
TRAPPED!

BLAST IT -- I REMEMBER
NOW -- I HADN'T FINISHED THE
MAP, AND THIS IS WHERE THE
CREATED WORLD ENDS AND THE
REAL MAINE SEACOAST BEGINS! --
DAD -- GOT ANY IDEAS?



DAD -- WHY
DON'T YOU ...
DAD!
HE -- HE'S
GONE!

YAAAGHH!

THAT **SCREAM!**
THEY MUST
HAVE GOT
HIM!



THEY CAN'T
ESCAPE!
GET
THEM!

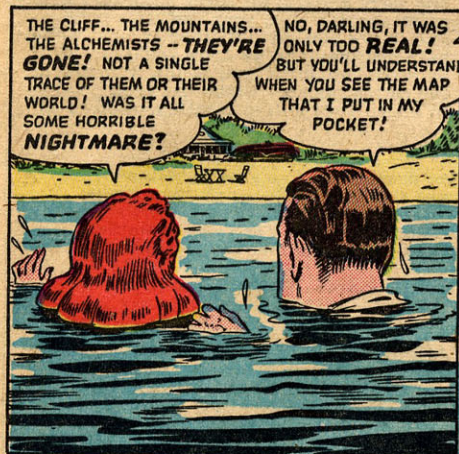


THEY'LL NEVER GET US,
DARLING! OUR HEARTS
WILL ALWAYS BELONG
TO EACH OTHER!



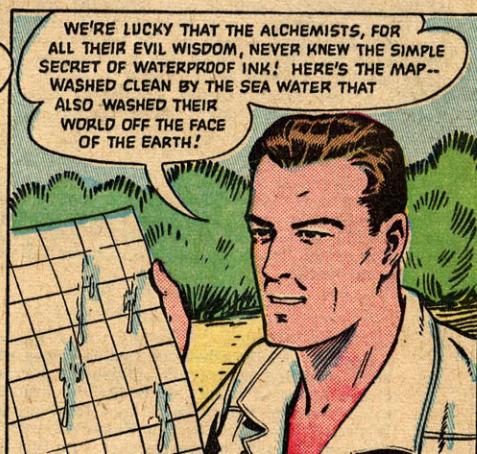
SWEETHEART,
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

YES, BUT
DAVE--
LOOK--
BEHIND
YOU!



THE CLIFF... THE MOUNTAINS...
THE ALCHEMISTS -- **THEY'RE
GONE!** NOT A SINGLE
TRACE OF THEM OR THEIR
WORLD! WAS IT ALL
SOME HORRIBLE
NIGHTMARE?

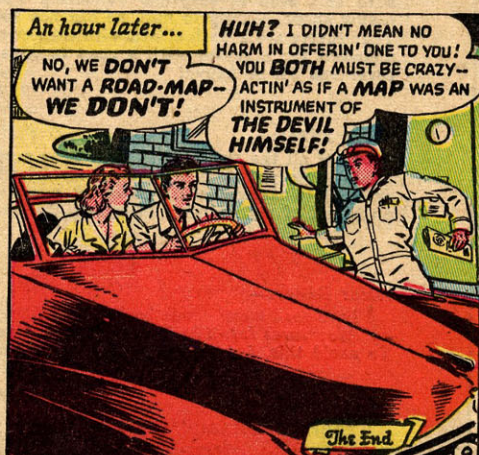
NO, DARLING, IT WAS
ONLY TOO **REAL!**
BUT YOU'LL UNDERSTAND
WHEN YOU SEE THE MAP
THAT I PUT IN MY
POCKET!



WE'RE LUCKY THAT THE ALCHEMISTS, FOR
ALL THEIR EVIL WISDOM, NEVER KNEW THE SIMPLE
SECRET OF WATERPROOF INK! HERE'S THE MAP--
WASHED CLEAN BY THE SEA WATER THAT
ALSO WASHED THEIR
WORLD OFF THE FACE
OF THE EARTH!



AND BY SPILLING THEIR FIENDISH INK
INTO THE SEA, I'LL MAKE SURE THAT
NO MAP CAN EVER AGAIN BE DRAWN
WITH IT -- AND THE ALCHEMISTS WILL
BE DOOMED TO EXTINCTION
FOR ETERNITY!



An hour later...

NO, WE **DON'T**
WANT A **ROAD-MAP--**
WE DON'T!

HUH? I DIDN'T MEAN NO
HARM IN OFFERIN' ONE TO YOU!
YOU **BOTH** MUST BE CRAZY--
ACTIN' AS IF A **MAP** WAS AN
INSTRUMENT OF
THE **DEVIL**
HIMSELF!

The End



IT'S midnight, reader. Outside, where all is blackness, the wind is howling like a banshee. It's a night for spirits, for eerie whispers from out of the *Unknown*, so—let's talk it over!

We've got a lot to talk over this time. For instance, let's discuss the banner issue of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" that you've been reading. This time we've gone all out to bring you a star-studded lineup of super-thrillers that should hit a new high—because they're what you've asked for! Our experts have culled the field—and come up with an exciting variety of tense tales straight out of the chilling *Unknown* itself! There's "*Marriage of Death*," for instance—we'll bet you never thought of death as a *person*, nor dreamed of the strange adventures which would befall the woman of his choice! And for mysterious, other-worldly forces—well, you'll have to go far before encountering anything like "*Realm of the Mist Gods*!" Then, for grip-

ping imagination run riot, just cast your eyes over "*Map of Magic*"—and learn what happened to a man who made his own world—only to have it turn on him! Reading on, you'll find that the ocean itself can be haunted—as it was by that weird, formless specter called "*The Eel*!" And you'll chill to "*The Look of Death*"—as strange and fascinating a yarn as you'll ever meet!

They're all *yours*—for thrills and gasps! And we hope you like them, because this is one magazine that's tailor-made for *you*! If they're what you want, tell us so—and if you don't like them, let us know *that*, too! You're the folks we want to hear from, with full reports on your preferences. Many of you have been sending in your reactions, and we're grateful for them, since they help us in shaping this, your exclusive publication. We're pleased and proud at what we've been hearing—and we know you'll bear with us while we bring you a few samples of the correspondence which has been pouring in on us. Take a deep breath, and—let's go!

"Dear Editor:—

I have read a good many comics in my life, but none has been as good as "*Adventures Into The Unknown*." I think this book is *tops*, and that is putting it mildly, very mildly. I think it is *great*! It's—well, I think it's just *wonderful*! You ought to write more stories like "*Shadow of the Panther*," "*When The Shaman Walked*," and "*The Thing at the Bottom of the Sea*." They all help to make the best book that anyone ever read! Keep up the great work!

—H. Beatrice Williams, Detroit, Mich."

"Dear Editor:—

Recently I subscribed for twelve issues of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" and have been receiving my regular bimonthly issues. However, you will recall that I also enclosed an extra twenty cents for the first two issues that were published. I have read other readers' letters about how they enjoyed such stories as "*The Living Ghost*," "*The Werewolf Stalks*," "*The Old Tower's Secret*" and "*The Castle of Otranto*." These sound like just the type of stories that I go for, but I would like to read them and find out. I have also been in suspense wondering what this "*Living Ghost*" is that everyone is raving about. . . . Up to now, no one has bothered to mention the covers of your book. Your covers are a work of art, with each one the basis for a complete adventure into the unknown for a reader with a good imagination. Just keep the stories as good as the cover and I'll be happy!

—James Parry, East Syracuse, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:—

Out of all the suspense books I have read, I really enjoy your magazine the best. It *really* keeps you in suspense! All my friends read it, too, and I wish that "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" could come out monthly instead of bimonthly. . . . I wish to say, on behalf of my friends and myself—keep up the good work!

—M. Sullivan, New York, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:—

I have read many comic books, but I have never found one that has held my attention as "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" does. I watch the stands so that I won't miss an issue. To avoid this, I am sending \$1.20 for a year's subscription. Thank you.

—Helen Lewis, Rock Springs, Wyoming."

Thanks, fans! And the rest of you folks—how's about hearing from *you*?"



STUBBS AND HIS PARTY CAME TO THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND OF GIRUA IN SEARCH OF...

--**SUNKEN TREASURE.** CHIEF... **JEWELS!** AND WE AIM TO GET THEM!

YOU ARE DIVERS, SEÑOR... WE ARE ISLANDERS, BUT DIVERS, TOO! ONE WORD OF WARNING... **BEWARE OF... THE EEL!**

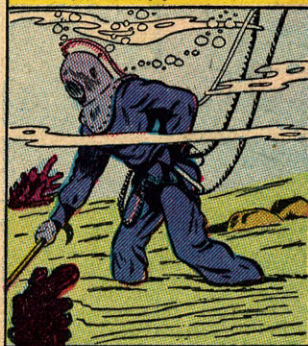
THE EEL IS THE MOST TREACHEROUS, POWERFUL CURRENT ON THE SEVEN SEAS! HE COMES AND GOES -- ATTACKS AND KILLS-- LIKE SOMETHING **ALIVE!** HE HAS SUPERNATURAL POWERS ...**UNKNOWN** POWERS!

SO BEWARE OF THE WRATH OF THAT ALL-POWERFUL TIDE...
THE EEL!

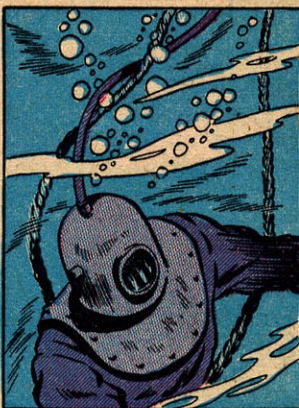
BAH! THAT'S **SPOOK STUFF!** THIS HEAVY DIVING SUIT IS ALL I NEED AGAINST **ANY CURRENT IN THE WORLD!** I'M GOING DOWN AFTER THAT **TREASURE!**



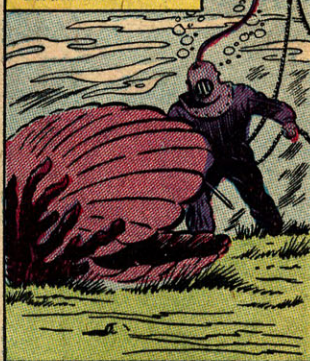
TOM STUBBS SLIPPED UNDER-WATER... AND THE SHALLOW FLOOR OF THE MOTIONLESS SEA WAS LIKE A BOTTOMLESS BOG, EMBRACING HIM, SUCKING HIM DEEP!



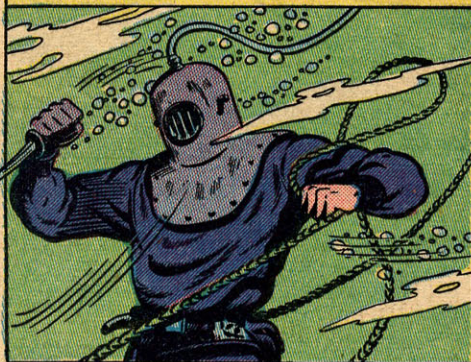
HE WENT UNDER, ROLLED FREE, WAS SUCKED DOWN AGAIN, FOUGHT HIS WAY UP... AND STAGGERED AHEAD...



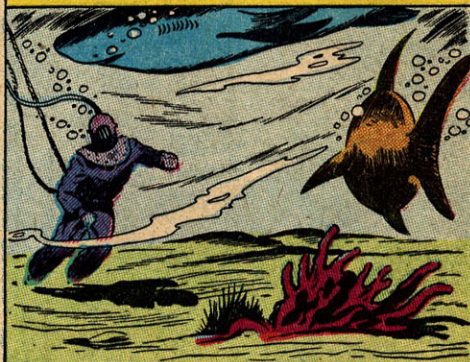
THEN... IN HIS PATH... A GIANT SEA CLAM! IT LOOKED HARMLESS, JUST ANOTHER FOSSIL OF THE DEEP-- UNTIL THE GAPING JAWS SLAMMED SHUT!



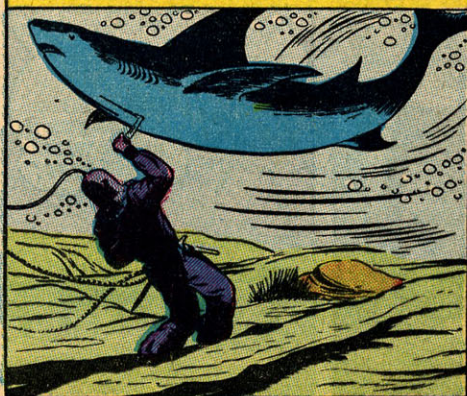
TOM STUBBS HACKED WITH HIS THIN-BLADED KNIFE UNTIL THE BREATH WAS DRY AND GASPING IN HIS THROAT AND PERSPIRATION SHADED THE WINDOW OF HIS HELMET... PRYING, TEARING HIMSELF LOOSE...



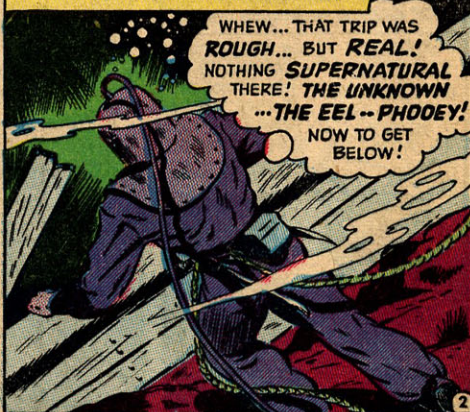
SLOWLY, HE DREW CLOSER TO THE SUBMERGED TREASURE-SHIP... AND SUDDENLY, THE CLUB-LIKE HEAD OF THE SHARK CAME AT HIM FROM THE DARK SHADOWS... FIERCELY, HUNGRILY, TEETH BARED...

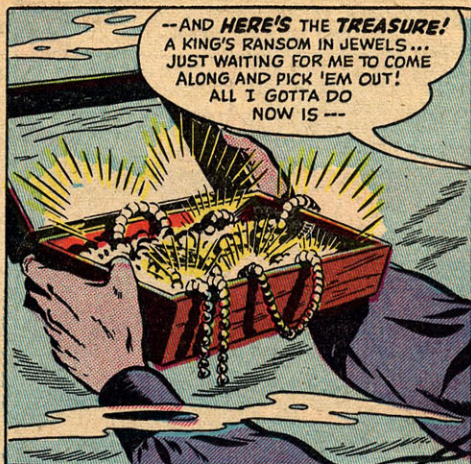
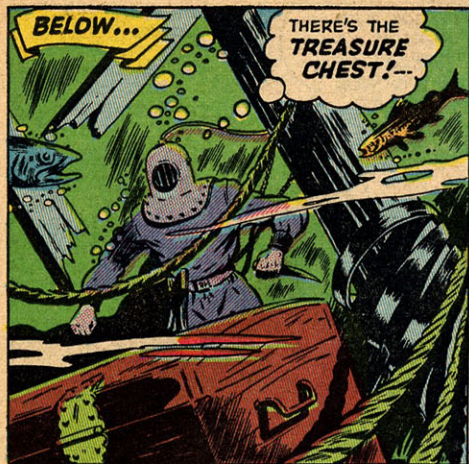


AT CLOSE QUARTERS, STUBBS STRUCK AGAIN AND AGAIN... PRAYING THAT HIS LINES WOULD REMAIN CLEAR! AT LAST THE SHARK WAS DEAD...

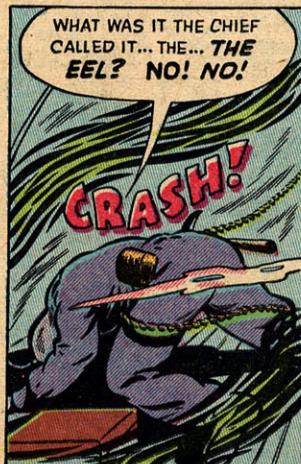
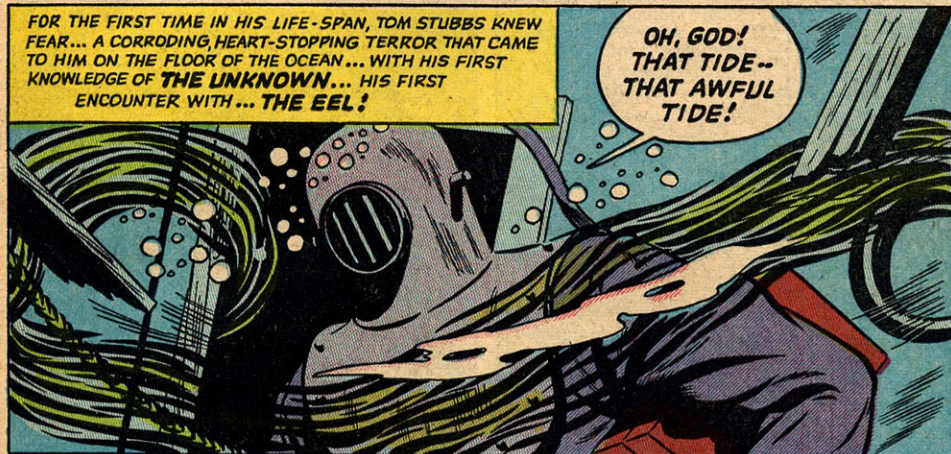


HE MADE HIS WAY TO THE SIDE OF THE SUNKEN TREASURE SHIP...





FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE--SPAN, TOM STUBBS KNEW FEAR... A CORRODING, HEART-STOPPING TERROR THAT CAME TO HIM ON THE FLOOR OF THE OCEAN ... WITH HIS FIRST KNOWLEDGE OF **THE UNKNOWN...** HIS FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH ... **THE EEL!**



MEANWHILE, ABOVE, THE TIME DRAGGED ON, AND TENSION GREW...

WE'RE NOT GETTING ANY MORE SIGNALS FROM TOM, CHIEF, AND WE CAN'T GET THROUGH TO HIM! I'M AFRAID---

FEAR NOT, MY FRIEND! I WILL SEND MY SON, TAURO, TO FIND HIM!



GO, SON, WITH MY BLESSING... MAY **THE EEL** SMILE UPON YOUR DIVE!

IF THE **EEL** WILLS IT, FATHER, I WILL RETURN... **ALIVE!**



DIVING CLEAN AND DEEP, SHOOTING DOWN BELOW THE OCEAN'S SURFACE... FAR BELOW... AS ONLY A NATIVE OF THE ISLANDS CAN... TAURO REACHED THE WRECK... AND THE WHITE DIVER'S PRISON...

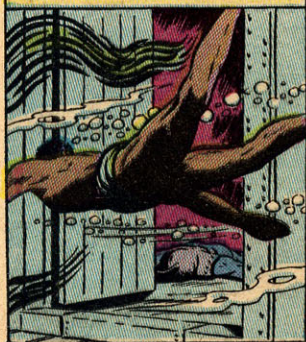
IT IS AS I THOUGHT... THE EEL IS ALL AROUND ME HERE --AND SEÑOR STUBBS IS TRAPPED! HE MAY ALREADY BE... **DEAD!**



OH, YOU WHO ARE THE SPIRIT AND THE POWER OF THE SEA, YET MERCIFUL, **LET ME LIVE!** YOU TO WHOM WE BOW... WHOM WE CALL **THE EEL**-- HEAR MY PLEAS... **OPEN THE DOOR!**



AS THOUGH THE SERPENT-LIKE CURRENT HAD HEARD, AND SUDDENLY RELENDED, IT RUSHED BACK... AND AWAY! THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN AS BY A GIANT UNDERSEA HAND...



AND...

IT IS **HE... STUBBS!** HE STIRS... HE IS STILL ALIVE!



WORKING AGAINST TIME, TAURO REVIVED THE STRICKEN DIVER, HALF-LIFTED, HALF-CARRIED HIM UP AND OUT... TOWARDS SAFETY! FEAR WAS FORGOTTEN... BUT ONE MEMORY REMAINED...

THE JEWELS... **THE JEWELS!**



BACK ON DECK... AT LAST...

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... WHAT LUCK... YOU'RE **SAFE**, TOM! HOW DO YOU FEEL?

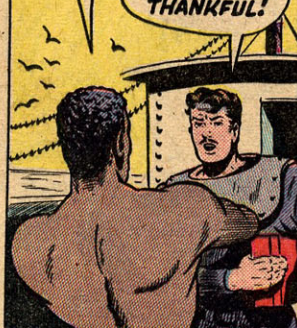
I'M... I'M ALL RIGHT NOW... **AND WE'VE STILL GOT THE JEWELS!**

PARDON, SEÑOR, BUT I THINK THE JEWELS SHOULD NOW BE **MINE!**

NOW LOOK, FRIEND, YOU SAVED MY LIFE AND I'M THANKFUL... BUT **NOT THAT THANKFUL!**

YOU FORCE ME TO **TAKE** THE TREASURE, SEÑOR...

TAKE IT?? OVER MY DEAD BODY!



OLLA! -- HE ATTACKS THE SON OF THE CHIEF... OUR **TAURO!** **RESCUE HIM! SAVE HIM!**

HEY-- THESE ISLANDERS ARE AFTER TOM! **GET THEM!**



THESE JEWELS ARE **MINE...** YOU'LL HAVE TO **KILL ME FOR 'EM...** **BEFORE I KILL YOU!**

FOOLS! BLIND OXEN! YOU DO NOT WANT THESE JEWELS! NONE OF US CAN HAVE THEM! STOP! I COMMAND YOU ... STOP!



BUT THE BATTLE RAGED ON!

DESTROY THE PILLAGERS OF OUR ISLAND AND OUR TREASURE!

THE TREASURE BELONGS TO **THE EEL!** FROM THE EEL IT HAS **COME!** TO THE EEL IT WILL **RETURN!** MARK MY PROPHECY!

LET 'EM HAVE IT, MEN! SHOOT 'EM DOWN LIKE FLIES!

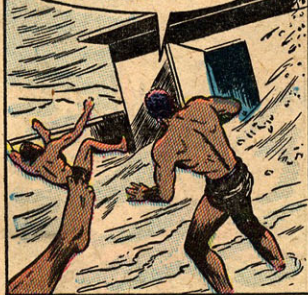


THE EEL! LIKE SOME MONSTER OF THE DEEP ... ALIVE... ANGRY... COLD... IT REACHED OUT FOR THE LIVES OF ALL THE MEN ABOARD THAT UNLUCKY SHIP!

LOOK-- RUN! SAVE YOURSELVES! **VENGEANCE** IS UPON US! IT IS **THE EEL!** HE'S COME FOR THE TREASURE... COME TO PUNISH US... **THE EEL!**



MAY THE GODS OF THE SEA PROTECT US ALL... FOR WE ARE LOST SOULS! ... **THE EEL** HAS COME! FROM THE SEA WE HAVE **RISEN**... TO THE SEA WE SHALL **RETURN**! SPARE US, EEL OF THE SEA... WE ARE **INNOCENT**!

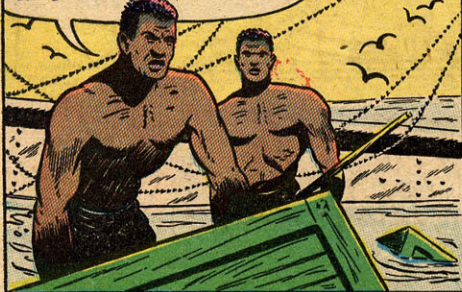


STRANGELY LACKING IN RAIN, THUNDER OR LIGHTNING, THE MONSTROUS TIDAL WAVE SWEEPED OVER THE DECK OF THE VESSEL, LEVELING ALL IN ITS PATH... LIKE A BOLT FROM THE SKY... OR THE SEA!



AND LEAVING... IN ITS WAKE...

CAN THIS BE? THE BATTLE IS OVER... **THE EEL** HAS COME AND GONE... AND WE ARE **SPARED**! THOSE OF US THAT MEANT NO HARM... NOR TO VIOLATE THE SEA'S TREASURE... ARE **SAFE**!



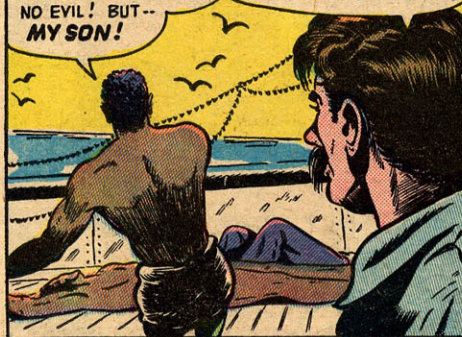
IT WAS THE EEL... **THE EEL**! HE HAS STRUCK ONCE AGAIN... TO SAVE US... TO PROTECT US FROM HARM... AND TO CLAIM HIS TREASURE FOR HIS OWN! WE GIVE THANKS... **TO THE EEL!**



AND THEN, AS PEACE WAS RESTORED AND ANXIOUS EYES SWEEPED THE DECK...

YES, **THE EEL** SPARED US... WE WANTED NO TREASURE AND MEANT NO EVIL! BUT-- **MY SON!**

TOM... **TOM STUBBS!** THEY'RE **BOTH DEAD!** AND-- **THE JEWELS??**

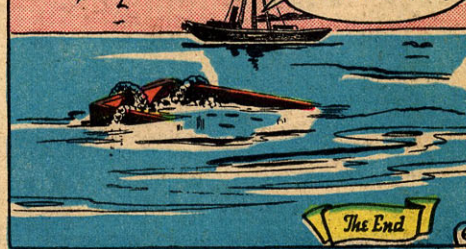


IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE STORM... OR **THE EEL**...

THERE THEY ARE... SWEEPED OFF THE DECK! SCATTERED TO THE WAVES... **TO THE SEA!**

BACK BELOW... TO THE LAIR OF **THE EEL!**

FOREVER WILL THE EEL PROTECT THOSE WHO ARE OF GOOD HEART... PUNISH THOSE WHO HARBOR EVIL... AND ALWAYS CLAIM **HIS OWN!**



The End



**BIGGER-
BETTER
BUBBLES-**

**PRICE-
A PENNY
A PIECE.**

**AN' THE
SQUARE WRAP
KEEPS THE
FUNNIES
FLAT--**

1¢

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TIME *to* DIE

HED *done* it—his experiment had worked!

Clutching the next day's newspaper in trembling hands, Professor Peter Halvorsen staggered to his armchair and lay back, panting heavily, trying to ignore the growing pain around his heart. Yes, it had worked—but the experiment had exacted an awful toll on his body.

The professor leaned back, trying to quiet the heart that pounded against his chest like the booming of a tom-tom. There was one sure way to relax, he knew—all he had to do was think back over the years that had led to today's tremendous triumph, the most stupendous achievement of the age. He'd let his memories soothe and calm him—the memories of all those years since he had discovered the Third Book of Thoth in a secret vault in the Pyramid of Thebes.

Twelve years ago it was—and twelve years of laborious, heart-breaking deciphering had followed. He'd given up his position as Professor of Egyptology and Occultology to devote all his time to translating the ancient symbols of occult wisdom. He'd kept his discovery of the Book of Thoth a secret, afraid that the public would laugh at his attempts to solve the mystery of *time*!

But they wouldn't laugh now, when he told them that he had actually carried out the magical rites, the uncanny invocations to unknown spirits—and had actually projected himself *a day ahead into the future*!

The professor turned his head and glanced fondly at the incredibly ancient Third Book of Thoth, lying in its silver box on the table at his side. Yes, it had taught him the occult secret of traveling in time—even though the anguished wrench from one time dimension to another had almost killed him.

But he was beginning to feel better now, strong enough to light a cigarette before he looked at the *proof* of his success—the newspaper he held clutched in one hand. *Tomorrow's* newspaper—carrying news that had not yet even *happened*!

He leafed through it now, thinking of how he had staggered down the street *tomorrow* to the corner newsstand so that he would know he hadn't been dreaming. The professor idly turned another page, stared in horror—and leaped to his feet with a cry of anguish. Suddenly he staggered, clutched his heart, and pitched to the floor, his cigarette falling near the newspaper.

A thin curl of smoke arose, and then the greedy flames began eating away at the column that read:

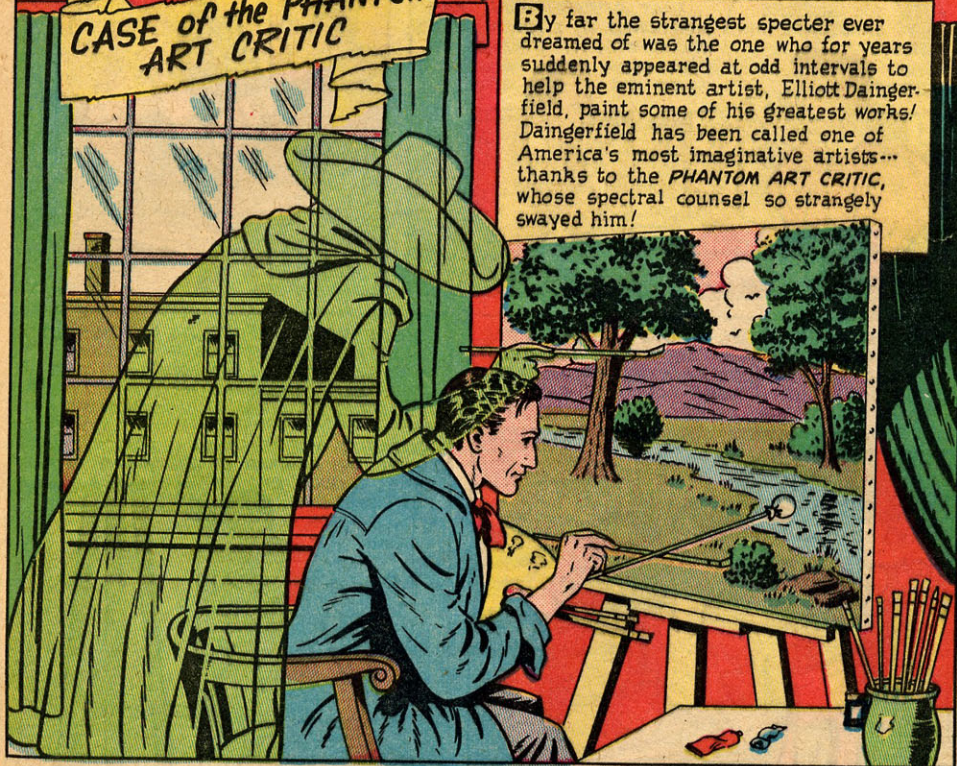
"NOTED EGYPTOLOGIST DIES

Professor Peter Halvorsen died yesterday in a fire that utterly consumed his home. The renowned scholar is believed to have suffered a heart attack before the blaze occurred, and there is no hint of the cause of the fire. Police are investigating a strange silver box full of ashes, found near the body..."

UNCANNY MYSTERIES

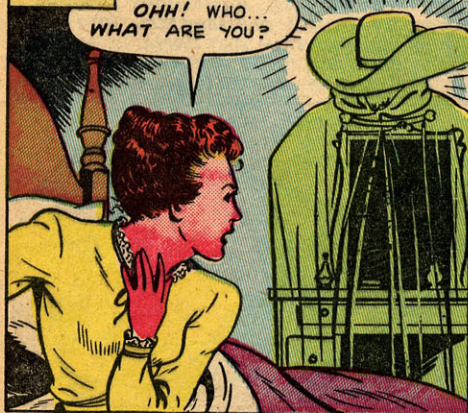
CASE of the PHANTOM ART CRITIC

By far the strangest specter ever dreamed of was the one who for years suddenly appeared at odd intervals to help the eminent artist, Elliott Daingerfield, paint some of his greatest works! Daingerfield has been called one of America's most imaginative artists-- thanks to the **PHANTOM ART CRITIC**, whose spectral counsel so strangely swayed him!



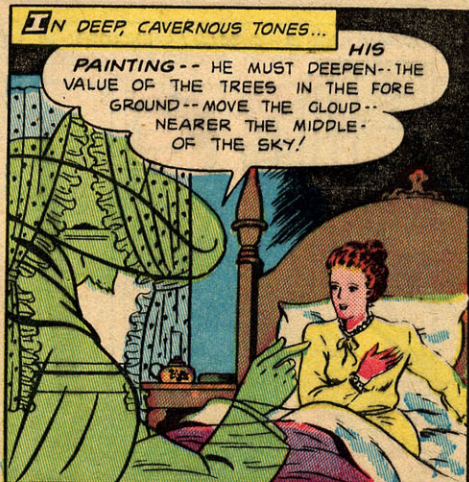
IT ALL STARTED THE NIGHT MRS. DAINGERFIELD AWOKE SUDDENLY TO A STARTLING SIGHT...

OHH! WHO...
WHAT ARE YOU?



IN DEEP, CAVERNOUS TONES...

HIS
PAINTING-- HE MUST DEEPEN--THE
VALUE OF THE TREES IN THE FORE
GROUND--MOVE THE CLOUD--
NEARER THE MIDDLE--
OF THE SKY!



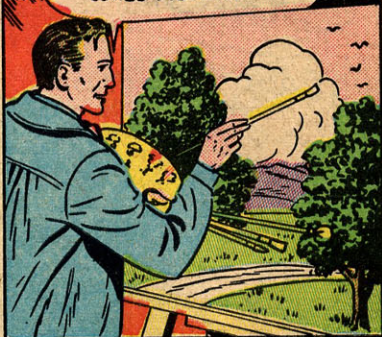
IN THE MORNING, WHEN MRS. DAINGERFIELD REPORT-
ED THE UNCANNY PHENOMENON TO HER HUSBAND...

IT-- IT WAS
FANTASTIC!!
ELLIOTT, I NEVER
GO INTO YOUR
STUDIO-- TELL ME,
ARE YOU WORKING
ON A LANDSCAPE WITH
TREES AND A
CLOUD IN
THE SKY?

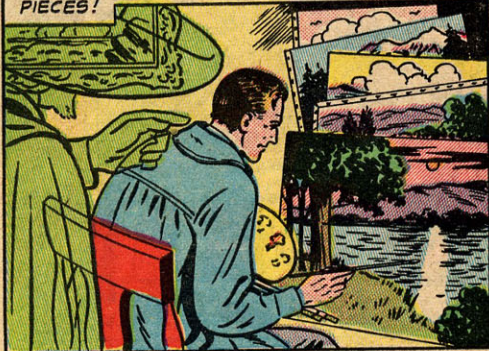
IT IS FANTASTIC-- BECAUSE IT'S A
PERFECT CRITICISM OF THE PAINTING
I'M **WORKING** ON! I'VE HAD THE
FEELING THAT SOMETHING WAS
WRONG WITH IT, BUT NOW THAT
... THAT **APPARITION** HAS
MENTIONED IT, I **KNOW** WHAT'S
WRONG WITH IT! STRANGE AS
IT MAY SEEM, I'M GOING TO
TAKE ITS **ADVICE!**



I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE
IT-- CHANGING THE TREES AND
THE CLOUD MAKES IT A
PERFECT PICTURE!
I... I HOPE THAT SPECTER
COMES AGAIN!



IT DID COME AGAIN, AT ODD INTERVALS FOR
OVER THIRTY YEARS! WHENEVER THE ARTIST
SEEMED TO BE MOST IN NEED OF HELP, THE
PHANTOM WOULD APPEAR-- AND ITS GHOSTLY
WORDS OF COUNSEL HELPED MAKE MASTER-
PIECES!

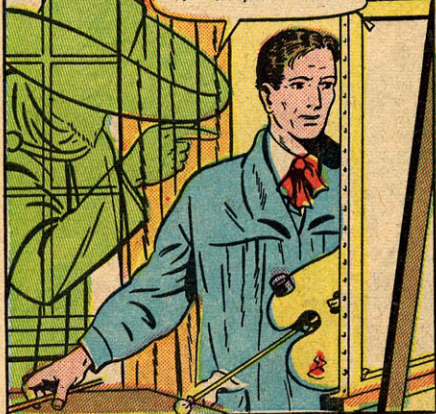


DAINGERFIELD HEEDED ITS WORDS--BUT
ONLY ONCE DID THE PHANTOM APPEAR
DIRECTLY TO HIM! IT WAS LATE ONE
AFTERNOON, WHEN THE ARTIST HAD LAID
HIS BRUSHES DOWN IN DISCOURAGEMENT...

NOTHING I'VE TRIED MAKES ANY IMPROVE-
MENT! THE PAINTING OF THE MADONNA AND
CHILD IS GOOD ENOUGH,
BUT SOMETHING...
SOMETHING IS
MISSING THAT
WILL MAKE
IT PERFECT!

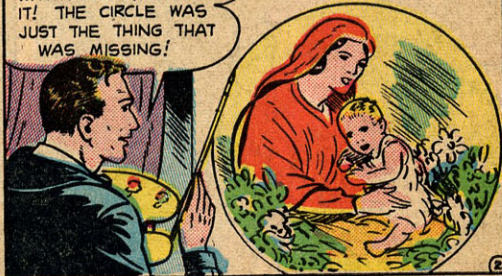


SUDDENLY... A-- CIRCLE! ENCLOSE
IT-- IN A CIRCLE!



AND ANYONE WHO VISITS THE METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART IN NEW YORK, OR THE NATIONAL
GALLERY, CAN SEE THE MAGNIFICENT PICTURES
PAINTED BY ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD-- WITH THE
HELP OF THE PHANTOM ART CRITIC... WHOM
ELLIOTT BELIEVED TO BE A GHOSTLY SPIRIT OF
A 17TH CENTURY MASTER!

WHY... WHY THAT DID
IT! THE CIRCLE WAS
JUST THE THING THAT
WAS MISSING!



The Cook of DEATH



Ever hear anyone say, "If looks could kill, I'd have been dead...?" Well, how would **YOU** like to have the power of gazing at a person -- with a look that **KILLS**? And let's see what **ONE** man who **HAD** that power **DID** with *The Look of DEATH*!

NO WONDER THEY HAD TO CUT THE PRICE OF THAT SPYGLASS! WHO IN THE WORLD WOULD WANT A BEAT-UP OLD THING LIKE **THAT**?

NOT **I**! THAT RELIC IS NO BARGAIN AT **ANY** PRICE!

ANTIQUE SHOP

Special Reductions

SPYGLASS
Bargain

OH, YEAH? DON'T YOU BE SO HASTY ABOUT THAT SPYGLASS, READER -- AT LEAST, NOT UNTIL YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT ITS STRANGE POWERS AND THE EVEN STRANGER STORY CONNECTED WITH IT-- A STORY THAT BEGINS IN THE PAWNSHOP OWNED BY ONE MAC MACAULEY...

OH, OH -- **ANOTHER** CHARACTER! WHY DO ALL THE QUEER DUCKS HAVE TO COME TO **MY** PAWNSHOP? -- YOU CAN'T MAKE A DIME OUT OF THEM! I'LL GET RID OF **THIS** ONE IN A HURRY!

PLEASE -- I NEED MONEY -- URGENTLY!

PAWN SHOP
LOANS

LAST NIGHT **THE VOICE** CALLED TO ME -- ORDERING ME TO RETURN IMMEDIATELY TO TIBET! BUT SINCE WE ARE FORBIDDEN TO USE **TELEPORTATION** TO TRAVEL INSTANTLY FROM ONE POINT ON THE GLOBE TO ANOTHER, I MUST GO BY **ORDINARY MEANS** -- AND FOR THAT I NEED **PASSAGE-MONEY!** YOU WILL GIVE IT TO ME!

THE VOICE ... TIBET... TELEPORTATION... THIS BIRD IS **REALLY NUTS!**

SORRY, BUB... I **LOAN** MONEY -- I DON'T **GIVE** IT AWAY! AND BEFORE I MAKE A LOAN, I NEED **PLENTY OF COLLATERAL** --

BUT I **DO** HAVE COLLATERAL! HERE -- I WILL LEAVE YOU THIS PORTRAIT AS SECURITY FOR THE LOAN!



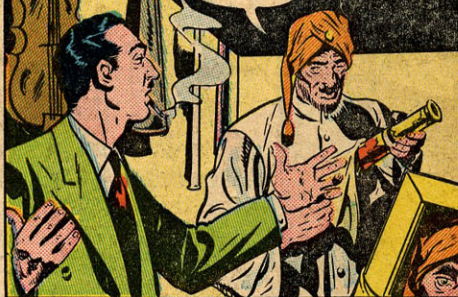
THOSE -- THOSE **EYES** ... THEY'RE ALMOST **ALIVE** ... BURNING -- **UGH!** THEY GIVE ME THE WILLIES!

BUT... BUT I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! THAT WAS PAINTED BY THE WISEST ARTIST IN THE LAMA'S EMPIRE! IT HAS CERTAIN QUALITIES WHICH --

SURE IT HAS QUALITIES -- **BAD ONES!** UNLESS YOU HAVE SOMETHING ELSE TO OFFER AS SECURITY --

I ... I HAVE ONLY ONE OTHER POSSESSION -- **THIS!** IT IS FORBIDDEN TO PART WITH IT, BUT I **MUST** HAVE MONEY -- HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR IT?

WHAT --? LEND YOU MONEY FOR THAT POP-EYED PICTURE OF YOU IN A PHONEY SWAMI'S OUTFIT? WHY, I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU **TWO BITS** FOR IT!



OH, A **SPYGLASS**, EH? WELL, IT MIGHT BE WORTH A COUPLE OF BUCKS -- I'LL JUST LOOK THROUGH IT AND SEE IF IT'S ANY GOOD!

NO! IT IS FORBIDDEN FOR THE UNINITIATED TO LOOK THROUGH THE SACRED GLASS! DO NOT PUT YOUR EYE TO IT!



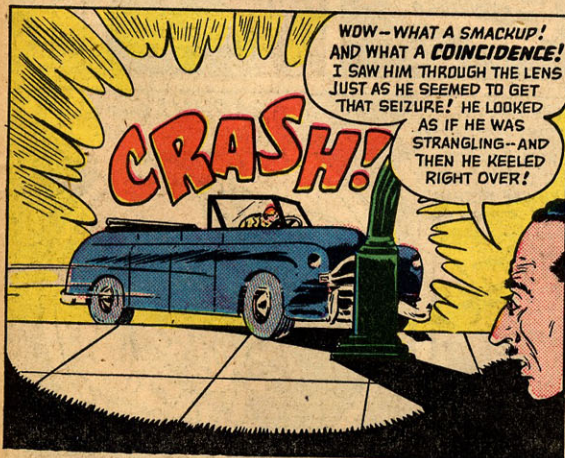
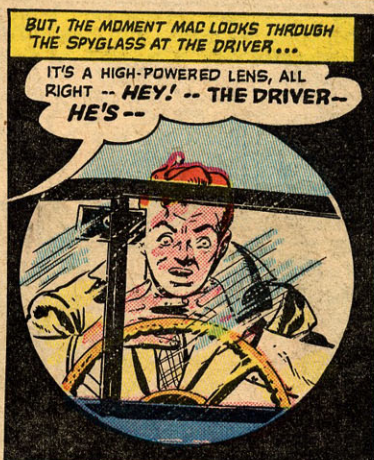
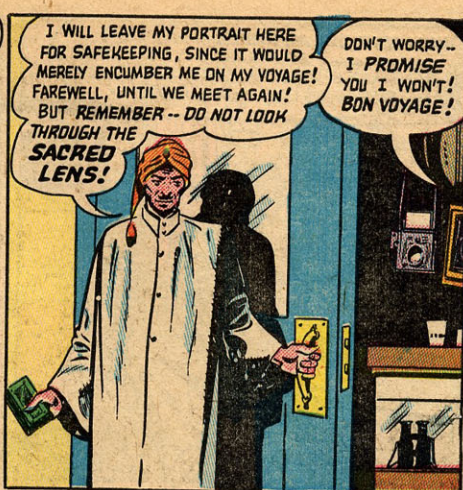
HUH -- THE LENSES MUST BE PLAIN GLASS IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO TRY IT OUT! HERE, TAKE IT BACK AND GET OUT OF -- **NO -- WAIT!**

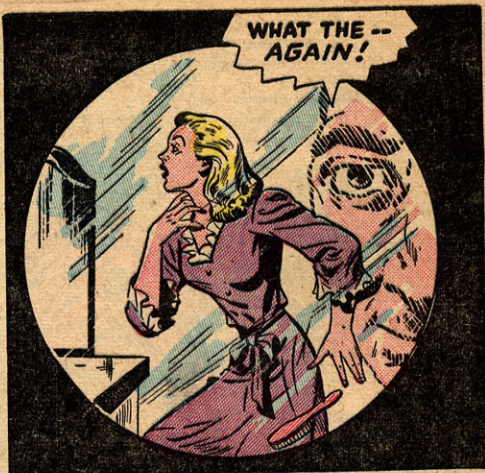
THAT GLITTERING -- THE LIGHT IS BEING REFLECTED AS IF THERE ARE **REAL GEMS** ON IT!



GREAT JUMPIN' JUPITER! **DIAMONDS... RUBIES... EMERALDS -- THIS THING IS WORTH A FORTUNE!**



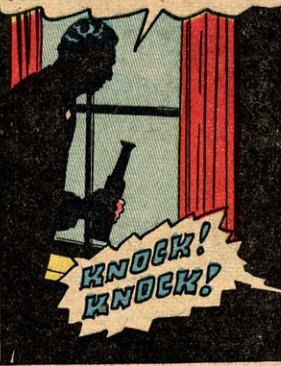




THE .. THE MOMENT I LOOKED AT HER THROUGH THE GLASS... SHE... SHE HAD THAT SAME SPELL AS THAT CAR-DRIVER .. AND HE HAD **HIS JUST** AS I LOOKED AT HIM! IS IT JUST A COINCIDENCE -- **OR --?** **WAIT--** THAT SCREWBALL WHO GAVE ME THIS -- HE WARNED ME **NOT TO LOOK THROUGH IT!** IT'S **NOT** COINCIDENCE! IT... IT MUST BE THIS... **THIS THING!**



SHE'S GETTING UP -- JUST SEEMS **STUNNED!** BUT I WONDER... IF LOOKING AT PEOPLE FOR A **SECOND** THROUGH THIS SPY-GLASS **DOES** KNOCK THEM OUT, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I **KEPT** LOOKING AT THEM? WOULD IT... **KILL?** I... I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT ... **SOMEHOW!**



OKAY, MACAULEY -- THIS IS **IT!** THE BOSS IS GETTIN' TIRED O' WAITIN' FER THAT PROTECTION MONEY YUH DWE 'IM! EITHER YUH PAY UP TONIGHT,

OR -- SURE, JUG-- **SURE!** I'VE GOT THE MONEY RIGHT HERE! BUT I'M GLAD YOU CALLED FOR IT, BECAUSE YOU CAN HELP ME OUT ON SOMETHING! YOU SEE, MY HOBBY IS **SPYGLASSES..** AND I'VE GOT TO ADJUST THIS NEW ONE I JUST GOT!



SO **YOU** JUST SIT RIGHT DOWN HERE, AND I'LL HAVE **SOMEONE TO FOCUS IT ON!** IT'LL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE, AND THEN I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY!



I DON'T GET IT, MACAULEY-- BUT **YOU** WILL IF THIS IS ONE O' YOUR TRICKS! DON'T TRY PULLIN' NOTHIN' SMART ON **ME!**



AAAGHH! CHOKIN'... CAN'T MOVE ... YUH TRICKED...



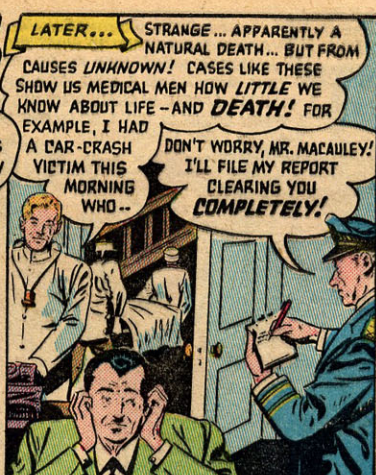


OHNNNNH...

IT IS THE SPYGLASS-- IT KNOCKED HIM OUT! AND IF I KEEP LOOKING AT HIM... WILL IT...?

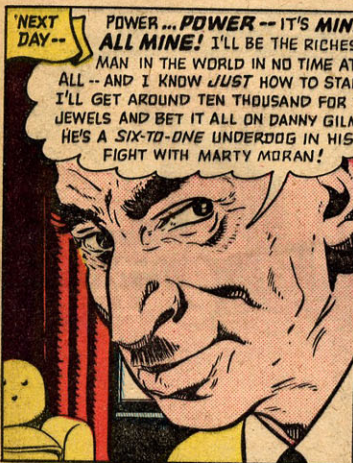


STOPPED BREATHING --PULSE IS GONE ---HE'S DEAD! IT TOOK LESS THAN HALF A MINUTE--AND THERE'S NOT A SUSPICIOUS MARK ON HIM! I'LL HAVE TO CALL AN AMBULANCE, BUT I'M IN THE CLEAR! THERE'S NOTHING TO SHOW FOUL PLAY!



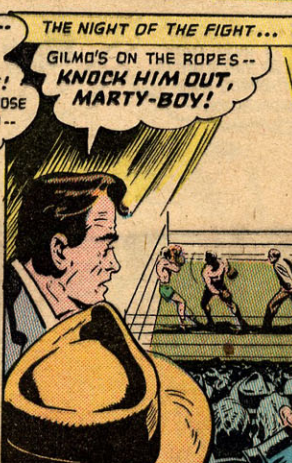
LATER... STRANGE... APPARENTLY A NATURAL DEATH... BUT FROM CAUSES UNKNOWN! CASES LIKE THESE SHOW US MEDICAL MEN HOW LITTLE WE KNOW ABOUT LIFE --AND DEATH! FOR EXAMPLE, I HAD A CAR-CRASH VICTIM THIS MORNING WHO --

DON'T WORRY, MR. MACAULEY! I'LL FILE MY REPORT CLEARING YOU COMPLETELY!



'NEXT DAY--

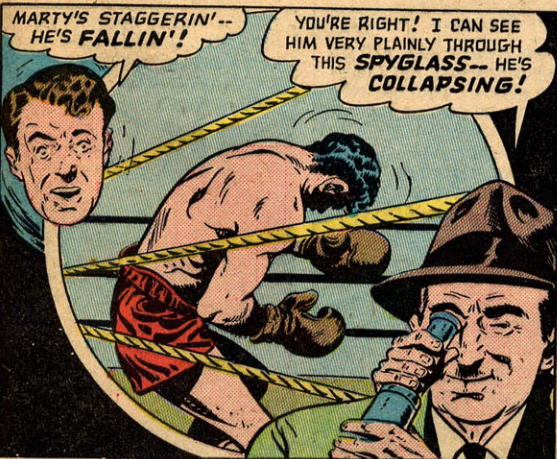
POWER...POWER--IT'S MINE-- ALL MINE! I'LL BE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD IN NO TIME AT ALL --AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO START! I'LL GET AROUND TEN THOUSAND FOR THOSE JEWELS AND BET IT ALL ON DANNY GILMO -- HE'S A SIX-TO-ONE UNDERDOG IN HIS FIGHT WITH MARTY MORAN!



THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT...

GILMO'S ON THE ROPES-- KNOCK HIM OUT, MARTY-BOY!

WELL, I GUESS IT'S TIME I GOT TO WORK!



MARTY'S STAGGERIN'! -- HE'S FALLIN'!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I CAN SEE HIM VERY PLAINLY THROUGH THIS SPYGLASS-- HE'S COLLAPSING!



THE WINNAH-- DANNY GILMO!

IT WUZ A PHONY! MARTY TOOK A DIVE--GILMO DIDN'T LAY A GLOVE ON 'IM!

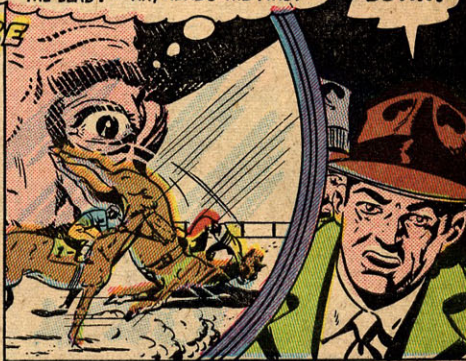
NEXT
DAY...

LAST NIGHT'S WINNINGS WERE JUST PEANUTS COMPARED TO WHAT I'LL WIN ON HUMDRUM NOW! HE'S AN 80-TO-ONE LONG SHOT -- AND I HAVE \$60,000 RIDING ON HIM -- SPREAD IN SMALL AMOUNTS WITH EVERY BOOKIE IN TOWN, SO NO ONE WILL GET SUSPICIOUS!

THEY'RE
OFF!

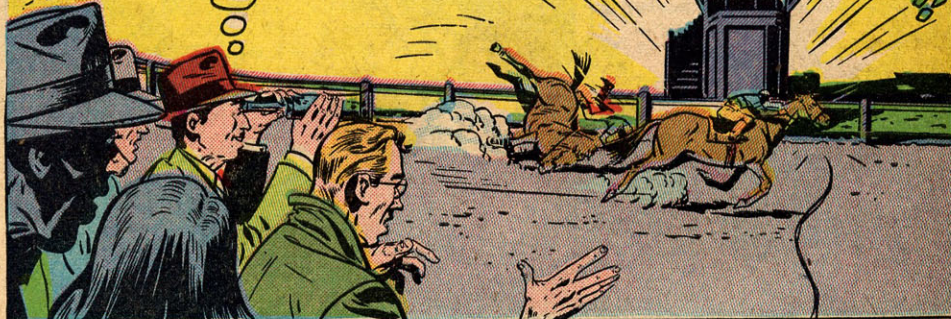
THIS'LL BE EASY -- ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LOOK AT THE HORSE THAT'S IN THE LEAD LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE IT FALTER OR STUMBLE -- AND DO THE SAME TO EVERY OTHER HORSE UNTIL HUMDRUM TAKES THE LEAD! -- AH, HERE'S THE FIRST--

FIREFLY'S
STUMBLING
--HE'S
GOING
DOWN!



AH, I'M GETTING THE KNACK OF IT -- I LOOKED AT THE FIRST FEW TOO LONG! I JUST TOOK A COUPLE OF QUICK GLANCES AT THE OTHERS-- AND THEY FALTERED OR LOST STRIDE EACH TIME -- ENOUGH TO LET HUMDRUM --

THE WINNER - HUMDRUM!



WOW, YOU'RE PROBABLY THE ONLY ONE WHO HAD MONEY ON HUMDRUM -- AND I LOST MY SHIRT ON THAT RACE! I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE LIKE IT BEFORE-- WITH ALL THOSE FAVORITES FALLING LIKE FLIES!

STICK AROUND, BROTHER! YOU'LL BE SEEING PLENTY OF RACES LIKE THAT-- PLENTY!

CASHIER



AS TIME PASSED...

I'M A MILLIONAIRE NOW, AND IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING! BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO KEEP MY MIND OFF THAT SCREWBALL WHO GAVE ME THE SPYGLASS -- WHAT IF HE COMES BACK? AM I BECOMING AFRAID OF HIM? NO, I CAN'T BE!



THERE -- THIS'LL PROVE I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM! HAW--I'LL HAVE A BIG LAUGH EVERY TIME I LOOK UP AT THAT FOOL'S FACE!



A MONTH LATER...

I'VE GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH NOW TO START BUYING UP CONTROLLING INTERESTS IN THE BIGGEST CORPORATIONS IN THE COUNTRY! I'LL START WITH THE MUNITIONS INDUSTRIES -- THEY'LL COME IN HANDY IN CASE I WANT TO ESTABLISH MY OWN PRIVATE ARMY -- IF I CAN'T BUY MY WAY INTO BECOMING **PRESIDENT!**

GOOD EVENING! I HAVE COME TO PAY BACK THE LOAN-- AND TO COLLECT MY COLLATERAL!



HERE IS THE \$500, PLUS INTEREST! PLEASE -- MY PORTRAIT AND THE **SACRED GLASS!**

YOU! THE -- THE DOOR WAS **LOCKED -- HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE? I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE **YOU** AGAIN!**



AH, THE PORTRAIT -- I AM PLEASED YOU LIKED IT SO MUCH AS TO HANG IT IN YOUR ROOM! AND NOW-- MY **SACRED GLASS!**

I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST! I CAN'T GET RID OF HIM BY LOOKING AT HIM THROUGH THE SPYGLASS -- HE PROBABLY KNOWS ITS SECRET! AND I CAN'T LET HIM RUIN MY PLANS JUST WHEN THEY'RE ABOUT TO MAKE ME THE **MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD! I'LL HAVE TO--**



OH, YES, YOU MEAN THE **SPYGLASS YOU LEFT WITH ME! I'VE GOT IT IN THE SAFE IN MY STORE -- I'LL DRIVE OVER WITH YOU AND GET IT!**

EXCELLENT!



STAY RIGHT HERE WHILE I GET MY CAR! I'LL ONLY BE A MINUTE!

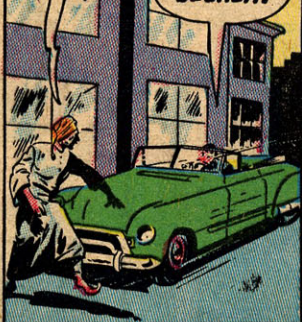
AS YOU WISH! I SHALL WAIT--



A MINUTE LATER...

NO -- **HELP!**

NO ONE CAN HELP YOU **NOW! SO LONG, **SUCKER!****



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

MY LAST WORRY IS OVER! I WIPED OUT ALL THE SIGNS OF THAT ACCIDENT FROM MY CAR -- THEY'LL NEVER TRACE HIS DEATH TO **ME! AND NOW THE SPYGLASS IS MINE-- **FOR GOOD!** I'LL JUST LAY IT DOWN HERE SO THAT I CAN FEAST MY EYES ON IT WHILE I PLAN MY NEXT BIG DEAL!**





THIS IS THE LIFE! I'LL JUST LEAN BACK, PUT MY HANDS BEHIND MY HEAD AND START PLANNING -- HEY! I... I CAN'T MOVE MY ARMS!



I... I'M PARALYZED -- BUT WHY? WHY? -- OHHH -- THE SPYGLASS -- IT'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE PORTRAIT -- FOCUSED ON ME!



AND THE PORTRAIT'S EYE... IT... IT'S BURNING... LIKE COAL-FIRES-- LIKE SOMETHING ALIVE!



YAAAGHH! IT'S KILLING ME... CAN'T BREATHE...

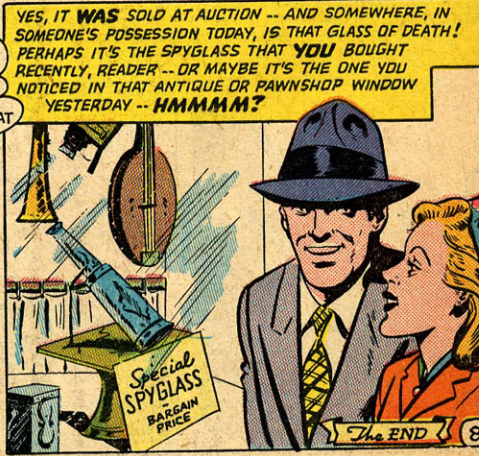
AND SECONDS LATER, THE OUTER LENS OF THE SPYGLASS REFLECTS A TWISTED, LIFELESS BODY!



Later...

STRANGE... NOT A MARK ON HIM -- NOT A SINGLE APPARENT CAUSE OF DEATH!

WELL, THE CASE DOESN'T NEED A DETECTIVE, THEN -- JUST AN UNDERTAKER! I'D BETTER SEE TO IT THAT ALL THIS STUFF GETS PACKED UP -- IF THE GUY HAS NO HEIRS, IT'LL ALL BE SOLD AT AUCTION!



YES, IT WAS SOLD AT AUCTION -- AND SOMEWHERE, IN SOMEONE'S POSSESSION TODAY, IS THAT GLASS OF DEATH! PERHAPS IT'S THE SPYGLASS THAT YOU BOUGHT RECENTLY, READER -- OR MAYBE IT'S THE ONE YOU NOTICED IN THAT ANTIQUE OR PAWNSHOP WINDOW YESTERDAY -- HMMMM?

Special SPYGLASS BARGAIN PRICE

The END 8

PAY LESS—GET THE BEST! SENSATIONAL SAVINGS! YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU CAN BUY THEM FOR LESS!

LATEST STYLE LUXURY
GENUINE FIBRE

SEAT COVERS

**LUXURY SEAT COVERS
SAVE YOU MONEY!**

*Same Superb Quality As Used
In The Most Expensive Seat Covers.*

Buy from Luxury and SAVE TREMENDOUSLY on smartest, new style, color glamorous seat covers! Lacquer-coated to repel water, LUXURY Genuine Fibre Seat Covers are double-stitched, trimmed with rich leatherette for extra long, luxury wear! Expertly tailored, RICHER, STRONGER, Revolutionary—New ELASTICIZED SLIP-OVER SIDES assure FAULTLESS FIT... NO INSTALLATION COST! All in stunning Scotch Plaids of soft, harmonious multi-color weaves! Make old cars look like new... new cars even more elegant!

**SMARTEST SCOTCH PLAIDS
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SPARKLING COLORS!**

**WHATEVER YOUR CAR
HERE ARE YOUR COVERS!**

Guaranteed perfect fit for every popular make and model, old or new, including—

BUICK	LaSALLE
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DODGE	PACKARD
FORD	PLYMOUTH
FRAZER	PONTIAC
HUDSON	STUDEBAKER
KAISER	TERRAPLANE
LAFAYETTE	WILLYS
And Many Others	

SENT ON APPROVAL

Only \$4.98
For Coupe or Front Seat!

Only \$8.95
Complete Set of Covers for Sedan or Coupe!



BUY FROM LUXURY AND SAVE! ACT NOW Satisfaction Guaranteed or 5-Day Money-Back TEST AT OUR RISK.

2. Full Back and Front Seat Protection!

4. Adds Instant Class to Your Car!

1. Smooth Glove-Like Fit!

3. Richly Grained Leatherette Trim!

The Exact Same Material Used in the Most Expensive Seat Cover!

5. MONEY SAVING! STURDY!

**EASILY INSTALLED —
TAKES A FEW MINUTES!**
(on all make cars)

Specify style for YOUR car.

TYPE A—Solid back for 4-door sedan...front or rear. Rear for coupe or coupe.
TYPE B—Divided back, solid seat for front coupe or coach.
TYPE C—Individual seats or bucket type for divided back and seat.



SENT ON APPROVAL! SEND NO MONEY!

**LUXURY SEAT COVER CO., Dept. 20
1025 Broad St., Newark 2, N. J.**

Gentlemen: Kindly rush LUXURY Seat Covers on special 5-day Money-Back Inspection Offer.

Color.....2nd Color.....

☐ Full set front & back covers \$8.95. My car is a 19..... Make.....

☐ Front seat cover only, \$4.98. ☐ 2-door ☐ 4-door

☐ Back seat cover only, \$4.98.

☐ Type A ☐ Type B ☐ Type C

☐ On delivery I'll pay postman purchase price plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

(PLEASE PRINT)

☐ \$.....purchase price enclosed. You pay postage.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
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SING! TALK! ACT! PLAY ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT!

ENJOY MAKING RECORDS IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME

Now you can make records of your singing, talking, reciting, or instrument playing right in your own home! No longer need the high price of recording machines or studio facilities prevent you or your family from hearing their own voice or playing. *No Experience Necessary.* Set up the NEW HOME RECORD MAKER, play, talk, or sing, and immediately you have a record which you and your friends can enjoy.



GEE BOB, IT WORKS GREAT!

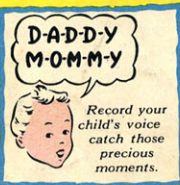
THINK OF IT! I JUST MADE THIS RECORD WITH THE HOME RECORD MAKER!

IT'S SO SIMPLE! LET ME MAKE A RECORD

MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS at HOME

IT'S AMAZINGLY SIMPLE!

Make records right in your own home by just singing, talking, acting, or playing a musical instrument into your own record player using a NEW HOME RECORD MAKING UNIT. This wonderful little unit records on the blank records furnished with your recording kit. No processing of the record required... just make your recording and it is immediately ready for playback. USE THE NEW HOME RECORD MAKER with most any standard record player—hand winding, portable, radio-phonograph combination or electrical phonographs operating on either AC or DC.



SING



PLAY



GREETINGS



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BABY'S VOICE

PLAYS BACK AT ONCE Record jokes, imitations, voices and instruments — and play for happy, happy memories. You can play new record at once! Give yourself, your family and friends a thrill! Records can be played back on ANY phonograph.

SING-PLAY-TALK

Have lots of fun! Record voices of seldom-seen but well-loved friends and dear ones. Make greeting records — Birthday, Anniversary Greetings for your loved ones.

EASY AS SPEAKING INTO A PHONE

Use your NEW HOME RECORD MAKER anytime and perform as comfortably as you'd talk on the telephone — needs no special "recording technique." No experience necessary.

Amazing Low Price
only 4.98
COMPLETE

SEND NO MONEY!

You don't have to send a cent. Just fill in coupon and mail today to get your complete NEW HOME RECORD MAKER. Sent C.O.D. for only \$4.98 plus postage and C.O.D. . . . or send check or money order for \$4.98 and we pay postage.

Additional blank records \$2.00 per dozen (24 sides)

What is the Recordograph?

The recordograph is an acoustical device for making home recordings to be used with a record player or turn-table.

WHAT DO I GET?

You get the complete unit needed to make recordings at home. Acoustical recording head, special recording needle, play-back needles, 2 two-sided records (enough for 4 recordings), spiral feeding attachment and complete easy to follow directions.



Records for 4 Recordings Included

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